JOHN BULL, week ending September 9, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXVI. 1995

3D EVERY THURSDAY

ARMISTICE PROGRAMME by The EDITOR

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LAST DITCH by A.G.G.

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Whitens linens—

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Removes stains

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Always keep your cocoa in a tin

So at last a few radio sets can be made for civvies. The CIVILIAN WARTIME RECEIVER (to use its important sounding official title) is a very good little set in which most of the leading makers have had a hand. A successful combined operation in fact. We are glad to have had a share in providing these "Munitions for the Home Front."

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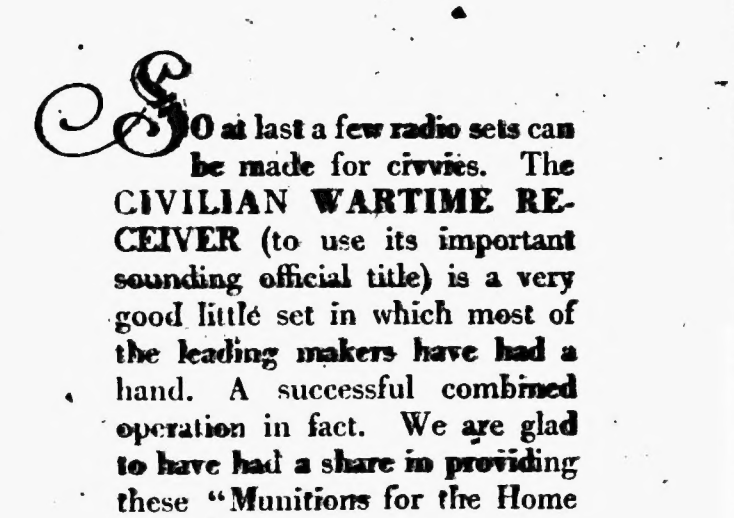

Even in peace-time you couldn't make anything more delicious than these

Chocolate Ginger Snaps

THEY fairly melt in the mouth, these crisp, delicious Chocolate Snaps! Even in peace-time you couldn't make anything more delicious.

INGREDIENTS: ½ lb. self-raising flour, 1 oz. margarine, 4 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, ½ lb. golden syrup, ½ small teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 dessertspoon Rowntree's Cocoa, 2 tablespoons hot water.

METHOD: Sift flour into a basin and rub in margarine. Stir in sugar, Rowntree's Cocoa, and ginger, and mix well. Add syrup, and soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water. Knead mixture into a dough, roll out thinly on a well-floured board and cut into rounds. Place on a greased tin and bake in a moderate oven till crisp (about 15 minutes).

IMPORTANT. So many things we drink at meal-time contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the very simplest form); and iron for the blood. And Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion. Make it your family's meal-time drink from now on.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

For economy's sake, get the 1-lb. family tin, price 1/6. (Half-lb. tin, 9½d.; qtr.-lb. carton, 5d.)

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but quality cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill coupled with our 80 years' old traditions, still count for a lot.

It's a Robertson Product

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'CAMP' COFFEE

Don't blame your grocer if you have to 'WAIT FOR IT'

GOOD COFFEE CONCENTRATED

FOOD FACTS

EGG AND ONION FLAN

—to give variety to your meals

These delicious egg dishes taste just as good as if they were made with shell eggs! You know why! Dried eggs *are* shell eggs, fresh, new-laid ones, with only the shell and water removed. Follow instructions below and you'll be able to serve tasty egg dishes, with the real "new-laid" flavour. Remember, dried eggs take only *one twenty-fifth* of the shipping space which would be needed for poultry food if we produced the shell eggs here. Take up your full share of dried eggs!

Scotch Egg Collaration

1 lb. sausage meat; 4 dried eggs, reconstituted; 3 tablespoons chopped parsley; 2 spring onions and half a leek, chopped; salt. Sauce, mixed herbs; salt and pepper.

Mix all ingredients, put in greased basin. Steam 1-1½ hours. Serve hot, or cold with salad. A grand, nourishing, meat-saving dish. (Sufficient for 4.)

Egg and Onion Flan

6 oz. short pastry; 4 hard-boiled eggs (see instructions at right); 1 oz. fat; 2 spring onions; 1 oz. flour; three-qtrs. pint milk; chopped parsley.

Bake a "shell" of pastry in a flan tin. Melt fat and fry chopped onion, without browning. Add flour and mix well. Add milk gradually and boil 5 minutes. Add 3 of the hard-boiled eggs, chopped. Pour into flan shell. Slice the 4th hard-boiled egg and arrange as shown. Serve flan hot or cold, sprinkled with chopped parsley. (Sufficient for 4.)

Hard-boiled Eggs from Dried Eggs

For 2 eggs: *2 level tablespoons dried eggs, 4 tablespoons water; seasoning.*

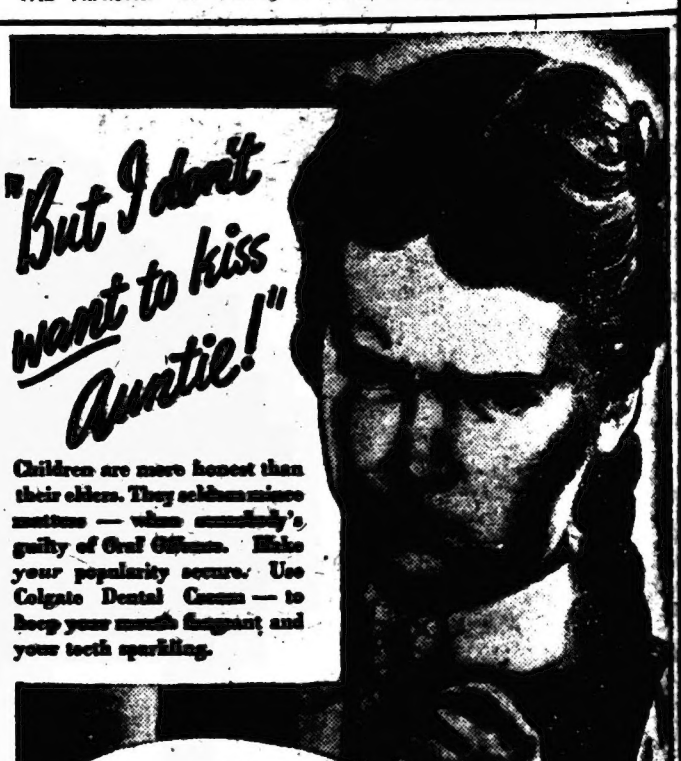
Reconstitute eggs, add seasoning. Grease 2 small moulds or egg-cups and pour half of the liquid egg into each. Steam in ½ saucepan of simmering water for 15-20 minutes, or until set. Remove from moulds and use.

Plenty of Eggs—1/3 for 12

Each packet of dried eggs contains 12 new-laid hens' eggs — all the yolks, all the whites, with all their nourishment. 12 fresh eggs with only the water dried away — and they cost you just 1/3 a packet. 3½d. an egg!

Listen to the Kitchen Front on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays & Fridays at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 217



Children are more honest than their elders. They seldom mince matters — when somebody's guilty of Oral Offence. Make your popularity secure. Use Colgate Dental Cream — to keep your mouth fragrant and your teeth sparkling.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth clean. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence — instantly!*

Play Safe! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

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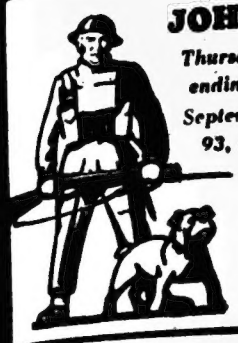

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 9, 1944, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Telephone : Temple Bar 2468

NEXT MONTH?

Straight from the Shoulder

GERMANY'S only hopes—two of them—are to play for time.

"Hold out till October and ur new weapons will be ready," she eseeches her retreating troops.

Certainly that is not long to lt. But time is not on her side: e advance of the Allied armies to r frontiers is swifter than the ock's hands.

isUnited Nations

"Resist a little longer and the Allies ll fall out among themselves," oebbels predicts.

A slender straw to support a drowning an! Unfortunately, the Russian-lish dispute may induce many Ger-ns to regard the straw as a sizeable e.

Slipped

There is no comfort for them elsewhere.

"France has slipped from our hands," neral Dittmar explains ingenuously—d goes on to hint at further land-ides.

Von Kluge, killed by an Allied bomb, s been succeeded by Field-Marshal del. And Model (to avoid a pun) is military paragon. He failed disas-usly in Russia. He is neither so able administrator as Eisenhower nor so rewd a strategist as Montgomery.

ack to Form

Thanks to Russian bullets, British rbed wire, and Gestapo nooses, his oice of supporting generals is re-icted. He will find it hard to match adley, Dempsey, Patton, and Patch.

Incidentally, when Ritchie's health ake down in the Western Desert and had to be recalled in the midst of a al battle against Rommel, JOHN BULL one declared that his career was not ished. Now, in the battle for Wes-n Europe, he is combining speed with ficiency.

hort of Men

The enemy has lost more than his st generals. He has lost the greater rt of his two best armies.

The battle for his frontiers is begin-ng, but it is more than doubtful if he s enough first-class troops to defend em.

He is running short of oil. Ploesti gone; his synthetic oil reserves are mbed by day and night; his transport stem is chaotic.

ecrets No Longer

We have taken the measure of V 1. en V 2 is not so secret as a few weeks o: we now have some knowledge of w it can be combated—if it should perfected for use before the war's d!

Even Goebbels has to admit that new weapons are not likely to affect the course of the war. Moreover, the war should have reached a very different stage before next month is over!

Fastest-Ever

On what other factors can the enemy rely?

Many months ago, on this page, warning was given of the enemy's great ingenuity in aircraft construction. Now we know that his jet-propelled 'planes are skimming through the skies at speeds of 600 miles an hour. But they are as yet too unmanageable to be first-class fighters, and there will not be time to remedy this defect. Our aerial supremacy will not be overtaken.

New Target

Nor can Italy provide the enemy with solace. The campaign there is in its last stages.

Riots and revolts erupt in Kesselring's rear as the Eighth Army presses forward. He cannot extricate his troops to the west—the Americans are there. He cannot move to the east—Tito lies in wait.

He must go backwards across the Brenner—if he can. And then the Allied bombers will have their best target of the war.

Trapped

Rumania has gone. Slovakia has risen. Bulgaria is a lost cause—and, so that she cannot escape with ill-gotten gains, her surrender terms have been drawn up in consultation with Greece and Yugoslavia.

Twenty Nazi divisions are thus trapped in the Balkans. Few will be able to struggle home.

Ready to Spring

On the 1,800-mile arc that forms the Eastern Front, the Russians have a clear superiority in men, tanks, guns, aircraft. They have the buoyancy justified by a series of incomparable victories; the battered divisions opposing them are dejected by a year and more of defeat.

We can think of Russia not as a bear lumbering cumbrously forward, but as a tiger poised to spring for the finishing stroke.

Russia's Part

And, though it is the Western Allies who have broken all records for speed in war, though they now provide most of the headlines in our newspapers, we in this country will never forget that Russia has made possible our victories in the West.

Alexander and Eisenhower would be the first to admit that it is on the eastern front that Germany has been "softened up."

Joint Efforts

The longer the war lasts, indeed, the clearer it becomes that victory is a joint affair.

Without Britain's lone and daring stand, Germany would have won the world. Without American aid, British resistance might have been futile, and Russian armies would have been under-equipped. Without the sacrifice of millions of Russian lives, Britain and America might have had to fight Naxidom for ten years instead of five.

Our Future

These facts should be of importance, not only during the war, but after it.

What a poor reward for British doggedness would be the peace time eclipse of Britain by the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.! What an upset to the world's economy would arise if we were to be beaten out of every market because American hustlers are able to "get there first"!

On this score, Mr. Churchill should have some blunt words to say to President Roosevelt at their next meeting.

Way Out

These considerations, fortunately cannot affect the progress of the war. The first stage of the conflict is nearly over, and Japan should not long survive her only remaining partner in the Axis.

We are now able to bring such force against Germany that her very survival will depend on the peace terms we are willing to offer her.

Warsaw's Plight

Militarily, then, Germany is in the position of a nut beneath a steam-roller. Her political aim must be made equally hopeless; the tragic plight of Warsaw must be relieved and the promise of better relations between Russia and Poland redeemed.

Strong Teeth

Unity on broad principles has certainly been secured at Dumbarton Oaks. That is clear from the interim statement issued last week. The Big Powers have agreed on the broad structure of a new peace for the world and for the provision of new and stronger teeth for a revived League of Nations.

So far, so good. But it must be admitted that much more will have to be done to make that structure stable.

General Ritchie is combining speed with efficiency

The Basis

A diet of iron is apt to spoil the best of teeth. A stable peace must provide food as well as tanks and battleships. And the economic causes of war must be removed by ridding the world of artificial scarcities, trade rivalries, and jealousies between the "Haves" and "Have Nots."

Is It Justice?

Again, a necessary ingredient of the peace will be the proper trial of war criminals. On that point the tortured peoples are insistent with a quiet determination very different from the "Hang the Kaiser" hysteria of 1918.

But Sir Cecil Hurst, chairman of the War Crimes Commission, admits that if the accused flee to a neutral country (pro-Nazi Argentina, for example?) nothing much could be done about it under existing law.

Well, hadn't the experts better start revising the law?

Still Empty

In Britain itself there are many signs that the military authorities here have not kept progress with the swift advance of our armies abroad.

Those thousands of East Coast houses, for instance, which were requisitioned by the War Office in the fear-of-invasion days and which now stand empty—why should not their owners be allowed to return to them?

Returned

Again, it required public agitation to extract a promise that troops with four and a half years' service in the Middle East would be sent home by Christmas. But now the War Office is quibbling.

There are said to be "transport difficulties."

A curious excuse. The U-boat menace has been conquered. Ships are returning empty from Africa.

Perhaps Sir James Grigg doesn't know?

(Continued overleaf)

"ONE IS UP AGAINST PRETTY HORRIBLE ACTUALITIES"—

The Minister of Home Security in the Flying Bomb debate

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STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER —Continued from preceding page

OUR war-winning ways have brought a surge of that silly feeling, "It's all over now." And with it a demand from many people that we should now cast over the discipline that's brought us to the point of victory.

The Government has wisely abolished one or two of its defence rules—and equally wisely the police are turning a Nelson eye on breaches of some of the rules that persist.

Less Officiousness

There are plenty of other irksome restrictions we can afford to lose without imperilling total victory. The Home Guard business should now be settled.

And the few officers who are clinging to the brief authority which has come to them late in life should be told, the less officiousness the better.

Notice to Quit

A young Army officer paid £10 a month for a fully furnished house at a Scottish coast town—and was well satisfied. When the landlady hinted at reoccupying the house herself he offered £12 a month. It was accepted. Within three weeks threats of eyiction were made. The officer resisted and refused a notice to quit. He had an idea the law was on his side.

On the Carpet

The landlady didn't bother about going to court. She brought along a carpet buyer, sold the drawing-room carpet, had it lifted from under the officers' feet and left in the hall to await collection.

The soldier and his family found other lodgings, convinced that notice to quit is not the only way to evict. And the carpet had not been collected when he left.

Cashing In

Property owners don't find it very difficult to get round the law. In Southern England builders are allowed to get on with first-aid repairs to flying-bomb blasted cottages.

Many of them are working on broken-down hovels that have been nowhere near a bomb. Owners, looking forward to an even worse housing shortage, are including half-derelict property in their bomb damage claims. And hopelessly overworked officials cannot check every case.

Sympathy in Court

Back to Scotland. Sheriff Macdonald at Edinburgh the other day had two Rosewell (Midlothian) miners before him charged with being late for work.

Due in at 7 a.m., there were three cases of the men being two minutes late and five cases where they were one minute late.

And No Admonition

"A perfectly ridiculous prosecution," said Sheriff Macdonald. "Preposterous." The men were not even admonished, despite a pathetic cry from the advocate—"But the Ministry of Labour wants these men prosecuted."

Thank goodness the Ministry doesn't always get what it wants.

It Helped

At the Rosewell colliery there's a huge Ministry of Fuel and Power poster announcing that "every minute lost in the pit is a victory for Hitler."

But the Ministry of Labour proceedings caused the two miners to lose sixteen hours between them.

"Orders is Orders"

We'd like to know exactly what a certain military policeman thought of the orders he had to carry out the other day. At Prestatyn he went into a crowded train and emptied a compartment. When the mothers and children were on the platform, and the old woman on crutches had hobbled out, he had to see his Italian prisoners of war comfortably settled.

Artists Must Eat

Ensa artists follow the soldiers so closely, says a newspaper story, that their singing is often drowned by gunfire. And they eat only Army rations.

What are they supposed to eat on active service? Bird seed?

Pause for Advice

It was twenty minutes after the flying bomb had crashed. The N.F.S. were there trying to get at twelve people who were trapped.

Then the high N.F.S. officers arrived.

A messenger came to one of the toiling rescuers. The senior divisional officer thought his leggings were too short and not properly tied.

Every Attention

We told you about Redditch, where there is so little accommodation for mothers that they have to be taken by ambulance to other parts of the county when their babies are about to be born.

The Ministry of Health says that little can be done about it. But they're going to see that a midwife travels in the ambulances. So presumably it's all right now for babies to come into the world in the middle of a road trip.

One Law—

In two hours' time the officials were due to reach the airfield and inspect the hangars. The airmen had finished tidying up and had nothing to do. That was soon remedied. They were ordered to drain out 250 gallons of petrol from an aircraft and use it to clean the hangar floor.

—For All

Fourteen days' detention is a common penalty if an airman wastes a gallon or so of petrol through a leaking pipe on his tanker.

You can't have carelessness in the Services.

Liberty

Not many people will have heard of Jacques Sauriol, Bloc Populaire candidate in the Quebec election campaign. Which is just as well, because he talks rubbish. In one of his speeches he said: "The English Empire is so wicked and so damnable an institution that it has to have a war every twenty years to keep it going. The English soldier is the worst in the world, and it is necessary for Canadians to fight England's battles."

And Its Uses

What an extraordinary thing that so many of Mr. Sauriol's countrymen, and so many other brave young men from the Dominions, fight for the Empire.

And what an extraordinary thing that they die for the freedom of speech which the wretched Mr. Sauriol so misuses.

Crowded Out

A few months ago a member of the Women's Voluntary Services in Devon was asked to send a basket of vegetables once a month to the minesweepers. Local schoolchildren were keen to help, but they were not allowed to take vegetables on to the school bus. So the men in the minesweepers have to go short. It's only a little thing—and a pretty petty one on someone's part.

"Sauce For . . ."

Alderman H. Hudson is chairman of the Bradford Holidays-at-Home Committee. The local newspaper wanted to consult him. But he wasn't in. He was on his holidays and would not be in Bradford for at least ten days. Bravo, Mr. Hudson!

First in the Field

THE YOUNG MAN WITH IDEAS

HE knew it was rebellious to have ideas. One should be content merely to raise food from the fertile land and be happy, for the great disaster of the Flood was now past.

But his ideas drove him on, and so when the men of the district came in a body to thrash him he was ready for them.

As they shuffled down the valley towards his dwelling he hurtled into their startled vision on a devil's contrivance behind two horses, his black, spade-shaped Assyrian beard jutting proudly forward.

Before the mob could recover he was in the midst of it, lashing right and left with a long whip, and the men scattered like sheep before a wolf.

Afterwards, when they had recovered from their terror, they described the contrivance as a flat wooden floor fastened to a crossbeam at each end of which was a wheel.

Its front was a waist-high shield of wicker covered with the stretched skin of an animal, behind which stood the young man, controlling the horses with thongs of leather.

A long pole stretched forward from the cross-beam, and the horses were fastened to each side of the pole by broad bands around their chests.

The young man was never again molested, and lived to a ripe old age.

His name is lost among the records of the First Dynasty of Ur of the Chaldees, for he lived about six thousand years ago.

But he has a unique claim on history.

He was the first man to travel on wheels!

P. S.

New Leaders for France

With a French friend I was examining a photograph of General de Gaulle and other famous generals after they had entered Paris. But who were these civilians, in the front row, taking their places with the great army leaders?

I realised that they were members of the National Council of Resistance, who had also risked death for the French nation.

Among them I recognised one André Troquer, a Paris Socialist. He was a member of the Council until he was delegated to Algiers in 1940 and he had now returned as Civil Commissioner for the Liberated Areas.

★ ★ ★

My friend was able to name others. There was Georges Bidault, the President of the Resistance Council. Before the war he was known, by name but not by sight, as a brilliant anti-Fascist Catholic writer, while his main job was that of a secondary schoolteacher in Paris.

Another was the mysterious "Monsieur X," whose appointment as representative of the Algiers Government in Nazi-occupied Paris has been announced a few weeks before and whose identity could at last be revealed: M. Parodi, a high official of the Ministry of Labour, who has escaped the vigilance of the Gestapo while his brother, a Public Prosecutor, had been tortured to death. . . .

Another was Robert Lacoste, formerly a member of the French Trades Union Council, and a leader of the Civil Servants' Union. He was a staunch opponent of the Vichy régime.

"Don't you recognise the man on the left?" asked my friend. "It is Daniel Mayer, who represented the underground Socialist Party on the National Council."

I now recognised in the small, frail man my friend Daniel Mayer, who up to 1939, was a modest political reporter on the *Populaire*. I should never have thought that little Daniel Mayer, who looked comic in his too large uniform as an army private at the beginning of the war, would reveal himself as a leader.

I had heard in London that he was strongly anti-Nazi. But only now did I learn that he had been a hero entrusted with some of the most perilous jobs.

Many more men, unknown to the public five years ago, will come to the fore all over France as national, regional or local leaders by virtue of their resistance work.

★ ★ ★

For, of the leaders of the pre-Republic, not many have retained the confidence of the people. Only eighty or so Senators and Deputies out of more than 600 present at Vichy—will enjoy some future prestige. Included will be a few others who left Bordeaux for North Africa on the eve of the capitulation to continue the struggle from there.

The vast majority of leading figures in the Fourth Republic will be entirely new men. Their lack of experience in public affairs will be largely compensated for by the qualities of energy and courage acquired and tested in the years of ordeal.

They will lead their country to new heights of glory and prosperity.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

ARMISTICE PROGRAMME

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

Now, as the tide of victory surges forward, the risk of sudden peace becomes more acute.

"Risk" may seem a curious word to use, but an armistice which caught us unprepared would be full of dangerous possibilities.

Government spokesmen have assured us in general terms that they have provided, or hope soon to provide, against these peace risks.

But they have put no definite programme before the country. And we are uncomfortably reminded of the period after Munich, when we were led to believe that rearmament was in full spate, only to discover when it was almost too late that we were inadequately prepared for total war.

Partial demobilisation will be the most urgent problem when the Nazis lay down their arms.

The British Commonwealth is pledged to pursue the war against Japan with its utmost vigour, and will honour that pledge.

But we shall not need to maintain our fighting Services at their present strength.

Whereas we *shall* need to start up much long-disused machinery of peace time production without a day's unnecessary delay.

It follows that vast numbers of men and women in the Forces will have to return to civilian employment again, and already they and their relatives at home want to know how "the tickets to Civvy Street" will be distributed.

Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour, says that plans have been made and that they will be announced by the Government "at the appropriate moment."

Meanwhile employers, Servicemen, and the general public have nothing to guide them beyond certain vague statements of principle, such as "first in, first out," married men before single ones, and key workers before the rest.

These principles have their virtues, but the country's requirements must always count for more than individual circumstances.

Thus, miners, builders and certain technicians may *have* to be "first out," even if they were "last in," for how can work and homes for all be procured without them?

Again, though the McCorquodale Committee has advised the Government that women should be demobilised more quickly than men, it is to be doubted whether all the possible effects of their earlier release have been studied.

It is said that many of these girls, who had no employment when they were called up, will simply go back to their parents' homes.

But, surely, few young women of to-morrow will be content to live without a real job? Certainly the majority of unmarried ones will try to obtain paid work.

And what will the returning Servicemen have to say if they find doors shut to them because factories and offices are increasingly staffed with women, particularly if the women should be paid less than men?

This problem might be largely solved by acceptance of the principle of equal pay for equal work. And post-war Britain *could* be so organised as to provide work for all willing workers, men and women alike.

But, although the Government has made "full employment" the main plank in its post-war platform, it has left us in the dark as to the means by which it hopes to achieve this end.

And it stubbornly refuses to accept the equal pay principle.

It may be, of course, that the continuance of war in the Pacific, plus the huge efforts necessary to revive the export trade and restore our domestic economy, will absorb all the labour which can be released for a long while to come.

But, even if there are jobs for all, there certainly will not be homes for all, and the Government's announced housing plans are contemptibly inadequate.

Worse than that, no clear-cut land or housing policy exists and no serious attempt has been made to curb the rise in prices or to fight the property profiteers.

Now consider the growing dissatisfaction in the country over the position of our 2,000,000 Home Guards.

For, while it is obvious that the danger of enemy invasion has passed, there are many districts in which vexatious and useless parades continue, and men are still being compulsorily recruited.

What has this to do with the problems we have discussed? Everything. For if our leaders are content to shelve a problem affecting 2,000,000 men and to leave their fate in the hands of local commanders, it does not augur well for the more vital decisions which must be taken.

Indeed, there is nothing to show that the country is prepared for sudden peace, and many things to suggest that it is not.

Some industrialists now working on Government contracts maintain that, if they were free to do so, they could begin a partial switchover to peace time manufacture, to the great benefit of the community.

And, beyond doubt, there are thousands of women in uniform surplus to requirements and thousands of workers in factories and Government offices who are under-employed.

If, in spite of all this, the Government really has plans which it is ready to put into operation "at the appropriate moment," it has only itself to blame for the increasing anxiety of Press and public as to our preparedness for peace.

The Government has talked enough of the Transition period. Now it must produce its Transition *plans* as soon as Parliament reassembles.

It is possible that the war in Europe may end suddenly, and some assurance is badly needed that our leaders on the Home Front have a plan of campaign designed as boldly and munitioned as lavishly as the great plan for victory in the field which is now unfolding so majestically.

Only by mobilising all our resources and tackling the immediate post-war problems as vigorously as we have tackled the war itself can victory be made worth while.

Bungling in the Bombed Areas

THOUSANDS of families whose homes in the London area have been blasted by flying bombs, complain of the inefficient repairs by the Government and the local councils.

There have been promises that blasted houses would at least be made wind-proof and water-tight.

These promises have not been kept, and repair work in some of the badly blasted area is so haphazard and amateurish that the woes of the bombed families have been increased rather than diminished.

The whole thing is a major blunder due to lack of planning.

In one bombed suburb, people waited over two weeks before any attempt was made to repair houses which were in a dangerous condition. And no assistance was given in clearing away débris.

Even when tarpaulins were finally delivered, there was no labour to fix them over the gaping roofs and walls.

After days of agitation by residents, workmen arrived to fix the tarpaulins on the roofs. The results were a waste of time.

* * *

During the recent heavy rain, water poured into the upper rooms of many damaged houses, and even ran down the stairs.

Next day a naval detachment arrived in a Ministry of Works vehicle. They were youths who had had no training or experience in building work.

However, they worked with enthusiasm if not skill at patching the roofs. The result was that the rain still came through, but in different places!

In one district this bungling has shown itself in an even more extraordinary way. Here repairs are being done to houses that are unoccupied, while others with residents in are left without attention.

Two weeks ago, workmen were taken away before completing repairs to the roof of an occupied house, and were sent to work on an unoccupied one.

After a week of daily appeals by the residents for something to be done, a naval detachment of inexperienced young men arrived from the Ministry of Works, but the Ministry had not supplied them with suitable tools. The house is still not repaired.

* * *

Yet in some favoured roads where, perhaps, people of some local importance reside, there is a marked difference.

The official excuse for delay is that there is a shortage of men and materials. It is the job of the Government to see that there is an ample supply of materials and also sufficient skilled labour to deal with this urgent problem.

Where local authorities have found it impossible to deal with the situation effectively, the remedy is for men and materials to be drafted into these areas from other parts of the country in sufficient quantity to cope with the work.

In some cases men have had to be sent to repair the "repair" work already done by others!

Men in the building trades affirm that there is no national shortage of materials. It would seem that the plea of shortage in bombed areas is largely an excuse to cover lack of organisation in bringing materials from where they are not wanted to where they are.

The bombed-out families have suffered enough. They are in no mood to accept feeble excuses as a substitute for effective action.

HARRY FOWLER.

Now it's the Dealers' Turn to Squeal

There is bitter dismay at a new Government Order. But it is confined to a noisy minority whose pockets have been well lined by the years of war, and it is not likely to be shared by the general public. And most of us will hope that the Government will refuse to weaken even if the minority decides to go on strike. The trouble arises from the Order controlling the price of new and second-hand furniture—a step long demanded in these columns.

Dealers, angered at the regulation, have agreed at a secret meeting to boycott auctions—with the result that prices have already toppled to a level below that of pre-war days.

"When the auctioneers find they have vast quantities of goods on their hands for which they can find no market, they'll soon start squealing," the dealers say.

But the auctioneers have not lost the market. For the public is buying direct, making its bids without the assistance of the dealers. And it is the latter, rather than the auctioneers, who are consequently feeling the pinch.

"These men are annoyed because the Order has put an end to the activities of a ring of dealers who, for the past four years, have been in virtual control of the second-hand market," says one auctioneer.

The question now is whether a handful of get-rich-quick men can hold the nation to ransom and compel the Government to be docilely obedient to their wishes.

The answer, surely, is that the furniture dealers are not likely to be powerful enough; men who deal in second-hand bedsteads and worn carpets and venerable tables lack the weapons held by the steel "kings," cement magnates and other industrial "rings."

Mr. Dalton, President of the Board of Trade, can afford to defy them. I think he will.

J. E. T.

OPEN LETTERS

Dr. W. M. ASKWITH,

Bishop of Blackburn

DEAR DR. ASKWITH,—The mysteries of the Creator are beyond me—and you. No man, it seems to me, knows the will or the aim or the vision of God. Faith transcends knowledge and Faith baffles Reason.

Parents of children killed in the bomber tragedy at Freckleton, Lancs, heard you explain at the funeral service: "Tragedies of this kind . . . are not due to the will of God. They are due to the fact that men who have been given freedom have done what they have done. Your children suffered because of the sins of the world."

A bereaved mother, mourning the death of her child, will derive little comfort from your "explanation." All she will know is that if an evil genius named Hitler had not been obsessed with the dream of world dominion there would be no United States bombers in Britain and her child would be alive.

The sins of the world are always with us, wars or no wars. And the visitation of the parents' wrongdoings on the heads of little children always struck me as being un-Christian.

It was neither the will nor the desire of this country or of America to go to war. Every man who is killed, every woman who is maimed, every child who is hurt by German bombs is a victim, not of man's maltreatment of freedom, but of Hitler's insanity

No one would attribute to a benevolent and compassionate God the tragic fate of these children. They are the victims of a madness which has turned Europe into a charnel-house. And that madness is not the sins of the world, but the foulness of Hitlerism.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE TOMLINSON, M.P.,

Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—The purpose of this letter is to give wider publicity to one of the war's most vital lessons—and one not fully appreciated by the nation.

You recently revealed that when Mr. Bevin went to the Ministry of Labour he found 200,000 people classed as "unemployable." To-day that figure, thanks to rehabilitation and training, is about 18,000.

As you point out, *there never were unemployables.* There were neglected members of the community who had saved the situation in the country's greatest need.

The lesson is plain. It must not be forgotten if and when the word unemployment creeps back into our everyday talk. The "Don't bother me," "What can I do?" attitude some of our alleged statesmen adopted in the lean years of depression is no use.

We have proved that there are virtually no unemployables. Men cannot be neglected and cast aside as useless. Vision and bold planning can provide all with work. If the nation's needs are placed first in peace time as they have been in war, this ruthless disregard for men's happiness will not be permitted.

It's up to us all to bear this lesson in mind and to see that those who run the post-war Britain never forget it.—JOHN BULL.

THE PEOPLE OF GREECE

DEAR ALLIES,—As the tide of Nazism ebbs back to the country whence it sprang, it leaves in its wake those who for years have suffered the despotism and persecution of the Hitlerian legions.

Those legions are fewer to-day than they were. To-morrow they will be fewer still. And the day will soon dawn when the last of them is captured or wiped out.

Before that day arrives you will have entered into your heritage, into a Greece hungry, battered and disorganised; yet still Greece, the cradle of learning and the Arts, the birthplace of brave warriors and brave women.

Those Nazi divisions isolated by Bulgaria's declaration of neutrality will feel the weight of your vengeance. Trapped between the Olympus Lane and the Bulgarian frontier, they could not hope to escape.

The Greeks have never ceased fighting the invader

Ravaged Athens, where starving children have died by hundreds, cries aloud for retribution. Your sons and your daughters, your fathers and mothers, have perished because the "master race" so decreed.

Years ago, when British troops had to evacuate your country—they were sent on a hopeless mission in honour of our pledge to you—your men and ours battled side by side against the German invaders.

Because you gave battle you were maltreated, starved, tortured, and beaten. But your pride of spirit remained strong and unbroken.

To-day it is coming into its own—a grim, terrible own. And the glory of your liberated land will shine like a beacon to the civilised world.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir WALTER CITRINE,

Trades Union Congress

DEAR SIR,—**Figures just officially issued show that wages in Britain are higher than ever before.**

The average factory worker, at the beginning of the year, was earning £4 15s. 7d. a week—and he or she was working less than fifty hours.

The average rate for men, indeed, was £6 4s. 2d.

I feel that two points must be made concerning these figures.

First, it is the extra rate for working at night and at weekends that is partly responsible for the high average wage.

Secondly, production per worker is now the highest ever attained, so that the present level of wages may justly be regarded as economical.

Before the war, at a time when the average wage was no higher than 50s. a week, five million people in this country could not afford enough food to keep them at a minimum standard of health.

Some selfish and short-sighted employers may be anxious for a return to those bad old days of semi-starvation and poor health. Indeed, I note that some newspapers of the Right, in commenting on the figures just issued, are at pains to point out that workers now have "more money than they can spend."

I, for one, believe it to be in the State's interest that her workers should be able to save a few shillings a week after providing themselves with the necessities of life. And I know you will agree with me that wages must never again be forced down to "mere existence" standards.—JOHN BULL.

Miss FOX,

National Society of Children's Nurseries

DEAR MISS FOX,—As chief technical adviser to your Society, your observations on mothers and babies must carry weight. And when you say, "I have seen more hashes made of baby-care among intelligent middle-class young women than among any others," you suggest a picture of helplessness and incompetence which, I hope, is not true.

Many of these women have had no opportunity to learn about the welfare of their babies. They mother them too much and they are constantly in fear of making mistakes. Yet, on the whole they manage to bring up healthy, straight youngsters who do have a chance in life.

And, despite your criticism, I'm almost prepared to wager that infant mortality in middle-class circles compares favourably with that in any other social group.—JOHN BULL.

Col. GEORGE DREW,

Prime Minister of Ontario

DEAR COLONEL DREW,—Your clarion call to the young men of Britain is the sort of gesture I would expect from a thriving go-ahead Province like yours.

Canada, you declare, can support 50,000,000 people "in great prosperity." I believe it. The Dominion's record in the past few years, both on the fighting and industrial fronts, is one of immense effort and of still more immense expansion.

She will play an increasingly important rôle in the post-war trade of the world. Her factories, her great metal-producing resources, and her rich, unexploited territories favour her industrial greatness.

How many men and women in Britain will respond to your call is problematical. The ties that bind our people to the homeland are stronger than ever. And there seems little doubt that the Britons who have fought to save Britain will want a stake in the post-war country which they are ready to help build.

Yet the bonds of Commonwealth have grown closer too. And the presence here for years of many thousands of Canadian soldiers may result in a steady stream of workers to new homes across the sea. The call of the New World will not be in vain.—JOHN BULL.

Britannia's Slaves of the Waves

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

● Down they go to the sea again, following slavishly that tradition which for generations has dominated the average Briton's idea of holiday and relaxation.

They fret away time in stuffy, uncomfortable boarding-houses after stuffy, uncomfortable train journeys. They stroll aimlessly along joyless promenades, past artificial flower-beds, past shops and pubs, bandstands and deck-chairs.

And all the time there is the "Great Mother of Men, the Sea," eternally washing the shore and complaining of the monstrous man-made tentacles that violate her domain—those ugly piers which thrust themselves over the restless waters.

★ ★ ★

I have often wondered why the sea calls so much to the people of these islands. Because when they do see the sea they see only a vast expanse of water and never give it a second thought.

Man has made the seashore hideous with his jumbled buildings and cinemas and fun fairs and hotels and shops and boarding-houses. He has destroyed natural beauty and replaced it with a tawdry, glaring imitation of a real town.

He and his wife and children litter the sand and the shingle and the rocks. They bring noise to the sweet and awful music of the sea; they have little knowledge of why they go to the seaside, unless it is because "everyone" goes there.

The Blackpools and Brightons, Redcars and Ramsgates, Southports and Southends draw their thousands to the artificial sea fronts created to attract the holiday-makers, and send them home convinced that they have had a good time.

★ ★ ★

For years I have heard people whispering their desires for holidays by the sea. Never have I heard one express the wish for a quiet unspoiled visit to the peace and beauty of Britain's loveliest places—those inland dales and valleys and moors and glens and hills which remain, constant and unchanging in their serenity, hardly marred by man's harsh transient hand.

What do they know of England who only beaches know? The sea only mocks their ignorance when they gaze vacantly at its expanse; and the country would only send them crazy with its profound peace.

My idea of a holiday? Paris, *now*

Feeding the World

By DAVID J. MURPHY

STRUTTING at this moment round a farmyard in Norfolk is a handsome cockerel with gleaming, brown-black plumage. To most people that cockerel would seem to be just another fowl—but it is much more than that.

It is a pedigree Barnevelder of the finest stock, a bird from which the plundered poultry industry of Holland will one day be resurrected.

That Barnevelder cockerel is only a microscopic item in the vast preparations to rush relief to Europe and Asia as soon as the fighting ends. Everything else in the world's history of relief work pales into insignificance before the mighty plans made by the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration—UNRRA for short.

Perhaps this French-Canadian is helping to provide a record harvest for Europe

Stock in Europe

Already large quantities of food are being sent to liberated France. But this is for immediate use. Far more important and interesting are the plans for enabling the liberated countries to feed themselves from their own resources—plans which have been in preparation since soon after the war began.

The work of providing relief is enormously complicated by the dispersal of populations due to war. For instance, it is estimated that something like 30,000,000 people have been rendered homeless or displaced *in Europe alone.*

Nearly 2,000,000 of these are French people who are now forced labourers in German workshops, or are war fugitives or in concentration camps. These must be returned home, and any relief plans must include them; yet to transport this number back to France would involve one train an hour, day and night, for three months!

The cost of these vast undertakings is estimated at between £500,000,000 and £625,000,000. The money is being raised by a contribution equal to 1 per cent. of the national income of each country that has not been occupied by the enemy, based on national incomes for the year ended June 30, 1943.

Britain's contribution is some £80,000,000. The largest single contribution of all comes from America—no less than £337,500,000.

But to return to the Barnevelder cockerel, that tiny cog in the giant machine designed to enable agriculture to get going again to provide the highest of all priorities—food. That bird and its progeny are specifically reserved for Dutch farmers and poultry breeders. This particular breed of poultry has long been one of the favourites of the Dutch because the hens lay a large proportion of brown eggs.

At the request of the Ministry of Agriculture, the breeding of Barnevelders was extended some time ago. Other breeders have concentrated on the Maron, a French fowl.

Cattle experts have been steadily building up herds of the finest pedigree livestock for the future of Europe. There is no question of this affecting the livelihood of British poultry or livestock farmers. The animals and poultry reserved for Europe will provide Europe's food.

No Joy Rides Yet

This, however, is only a part of the long-term policy. The immediate aim is production in the liberated counties of crops for direct human consumption. In the first crop-year after the war this will be an absolute priority and crops will not be grown for feeding to livestock and poultry, with the exception of essential fodder for milk-producing cows.

UNRRA's experts forecast that in the first year alone at least 1,000,000 tons of seeds will be needed in liberated Europe. But here another problem arises. Cereal seeds, for example, that flourish in the soil of Canada and the United States, may not grow well in Europe, and to ship them across the Atlantic might be a sheer waste of shipping space.

But the space will not be wasted. The agricultural plan provides that the liberated countries should save seeds from their own harvests, and UNRRA will make up the deficiency with actual food.

The sowing of the seeds and the harvesting of the crops will be a problem.

Nearly two million French people will return home debilitated and, in many cases, suffering from tuberculosis as a result of the semi-starvation diet provided by the Germans.

These returning French will not only need extra food to rebuild their failing bodies, but the people who have remained in France must produce more food from the same areas of French soil if they themselves are to get back to an adequate standard of diet.

That is why arrangements have been made by UNRRA for the production of 25,000 tons of farm machinery for use in the liberated areas. Canadian—and British—factories are now producing the ploughs, discs, harrows, grain drills and agricultural machinery that will be needed.

And British motorists who may have to put up with petrol rationing for some time after the war may realise that large quantities will be needed for fuelling the tractors engaged in the rehabilitation of Europe's shattered agriculture.

English Chocolate

The ordinary men and women of those United Nations that have escaped occupation will have to endure food rationing for some time after the war, so that food may be sent to Europe to bridge the gap until each country's crops come to fruition.

Canadian factories have already begun the huge task of canning 14,000,000 lb. of fish. Here in Britain large stocks of chocolate have been gradually built up for the liberated peoples.

This chocolate has a large content of vitamins, and has been specially blended after long research to provide the most efficient and speedy means of restoring the health and strength of those—particularly the children—who have lived for years in conditions of semi-starvation.

Producers of pack rations for the fighting men of the United Nations will similarly turn their energies to preparing concentrated foods that will rebuild wasted bodies.

Speed is Essential

Many a factory which, a year ago, was producing bombers, shells or guns, may soon be switched to the post-war needs of agriculture in the liberated countries. The sword will literally be beaten into the ploughshare at the direction of UNRRA's experts.

As soon as the vital first stages are over and the priority crops are harvested, the task of exporting cattle, poultry and livestock from this country and other parts of the world will begin. The descendants of the Barnevelder cockerel—bred in the lush meadows of Norfolk—will play their part in providing the Dutch with food.

The problem may be vast, but it is being resolutely tackled. And the imperative demands of relief have forged further bonds of co-operation among the forty-four nations in UNRRA—co-operation for the benefit of each and all.

Herbert H. Lehman, the American Director-General of UNRRA, summed it up in these words:

"We cannot make ourselves secure in a world in which millions of men, women and children are dying of want or by epidemic. Let us frankly realise that freedom from gripping want is a basic component of any enduring peace, and that if the world is to have any hope of lasting peace and a stable economy we must all co-operate wholeheartedly to the end that the liberated peoples are restored as rapidly as possible to a self-sustaining basis.

"The fate of all United Nations' efforts to assure a world of security and lasting peace may well be largely influenced by the success of this, their first joint effort in relief and rehabilitation.

"And the success of the UNRRA must be measured by the speed with which it is able to liquidate itself. The sooner it becomes unnecessary the greater will have been its accomplishments."

Newspapers for Front Line Men

● "... followed by a News Summary read at dictation speed ..." says the B.B.C. announcer, and it doesn't require much imagination to visualise little knots of men, on every battlefront of the world, eagerly jotting down the latest news headlines for the benefit of ships' companies and comrades-at-arms who will read them presently in the Service newspapers.

★ ★ ★

A word on this subject is timely, if only to disillusion those who still regard the Army newspaper as a sort of school magazine or parish journal, full of jokes and bits of local information.

The Army newspaper is, to the men in far-off commands overseas, where British newspapers cannot reach them in time, precisely what our own morning newspaper is to us.

In a recent broadcast, Lieut.-Col. Fielding, who is in the War Office branch which deals with Army newspapers, said: "The best soldier is the fully informed soldier—and that, shortly, can be taken as the plain reason for the existence of Army newspapers."

The editors are qualified men, chosen for their Fleet Street experience in peace time; they can well be trusted to make a decent job of running an Army newspaper.

But, in the readers' interest, two important rules have to be observed. First of all, the editor must never use his paper as a vehicle for his own prejudices and political ideas.

Secondly, it must be non-Party and, on any controversial issue, offer a platform for both sides of the question. From the War Office the editor in the field receives a continual stream of articles, pictures and cartoons with which to fill his paper.

He is under no compulsion. He can use what he likes and reject what he likes. The Army Newspapers section of the War Office acts as a sort of literary agency, supplying Service editors with material.

The first Army newspaper of this war was the *Western Desert Page*, which was edited in the desert, printed in the Cairo offices of the *Egyptian Gazette*, and flown out to the forward troops daily by bomber.

Perhaps the most famous of all Army newspapers is the *Eighth Army News*. Originally, this was nothing more than Montgomery's daily orders; one or two bright boys conceived the idea of adding a paragraph here and there—just a word about some of the lads and their doings. So, with the Order of the Day as its nucleus, the *Eighth Army News* came into being and was printed regularly in the field.

As a rule, these papers are printed in the local towns, but in some places the equipment compares very sadly with the huge presses that rumble incessantly in the bowels of Fleet Street.

For example, in Basra, on the Persian Gulf, the printing plant is forty-three years old, and the type is hand-set by men who cannot read English. And so great is the summer heat in many of these places, the printing ink has to be treated with special chemicals to keep it on the rollers.

Distribution is another big problem—particularly in the South-East Asia Command where our armies are split into tiny platoons scattered over vast areas.

★ ★ ★

For the benefit of the Chindit boys in the Burma hills, aeroplanes drop these newspapers in special cylinders. Some of the men in the Persia and Iraq command are so isolated that their own *Trunk Call* newspaper can only be delivered after snowploughs had forced a path in the aid-to-Russia route which they guard.

SAM HEPPNER.

General with the Master Mind

Noel Coward makes friends with all the Boodles and Bims

MONTY'S inability to take part, at Eisenhower's invitation, in the march through Paris was bad politics but good generalship.

He had, he argued, something more important to do. "On to Brussels," he was urging—and planning—and "On to the Rhine, and then Berlin."

The policy, "Let them stew in their juice," such a failure in Italy, was dropped in France.

So, in the vital attack on the Caen-Paris road, which was Montgomery's own plan—he persisted in it even when it seemed such a failure that he was being criticised both in Whitehall and Washington—was the "save-life" idea hitherto dictated from America.

MONTY'S VICTORY

"Boldness now will save more lives in the end," argued Monty. He threw the flower of his armies, the British and Canadians, at the Achilles heel of the Germans. He drew their strength away from the American lines and so made the wide sweep by Patton possible.

In so doing, by sheer genius in strategy, and relentlessness in generalship, he won a battle that ranked with Stalingrad.

GENERALSHIP IN SLACKS

When Montgomery's inevitable statue is moulded, will it show him in the beret and slacks—yes, and with the umbrella!—in which he earned rank beside Wellington?

Will even Churchill's history, which we shall certainly find very grateful to America, give Monty due credit? To-day, the newspapers, the radio, the newsreels, and the march-pasts convey the idea to all the world that it has been an American triumph.

Still, it was Churchill, despite the fact that they clashed in temperament, who gave Montgomery his chance in North Africa.

I wonder what meeting decided him. It could not have been that at Dover, where Monty refused a cigar and said he didn't drink either.

SPOTTING A GENIUS

I learned, last week, of one such meeting—the gathering in Mountbatten's headquarters, at which he and five generals, five admirals, and five air chiefs discussed what, in the end, became the Dieppe landing.

"For hours they all talked," said my informant, who was present.

"It became a rambling conversation.

"One man—and the heads of the three Forces were present—seemed to have the dominant mind. When he spoke we really heard something. I gathered that he held the South-East Command.

"That night I said to my wife: 'We've obviously got one general. But I'm not sure of his name. I think it's Montgomery.'"

DE GAULLE'S HOUR

Despite what they say, De Gaulle, who is now the idol of Paris, was almost unknown to its citizens when he arrived in the city as its official liberator.

Here, De Gaulle was suspect. In Washington he was disliked.

His unbending honesty was so rigid that it was scarcely polite. He fought the Big Business that wanted concessions in North Africa.

While, on the Left, some thought he had dictatorship leanings, many Tories feared Communists would run him.

Even to-day rich Parisiennes are scared of the "Bolshevism" they dreaded, in 1939, more than Hitler. They were Fascist bullets that were fired at De Gaulle in Notre Dame.

CRITICS AND NOEL COWARD

Noel Coward—at last!—has got it from the critics.

He wrote, in *Middle East Diary*, an account of how he flew about the Mediterranean singing "Don't Let's be Beastly to the Germans" to troops who knew much more about it than he did.

"He is quite content to call an audience that doesn't like him 'Bloody-minded,'" said James Agate. "I am bloody-minded about his book, in which there is not a stroke of wit from beginning to end."

Even the gentle Robert Lynd objected to Coward's "ingenuous delight in mixing with people of title and bigwigs," and his artlessness in saying of Adolphe Menjou's turn, a series of anecdotes of Hollywood stars, "I must say I thought it was very clever of him to have thought of this."

Fancy—and most people thought Noel Coward was "sophisticated"!

TITLE-WORSHIP

Then Ivor Brown's placidity was disturbed, for once, by the obvious way in which Coward, "if dumped anywhere on any island of the seventeen seas, would certainly at once run into somebody known as Tim or Tiny, Boodle or Bims, and be dining with an Excellency or an Admiral twenty minutes later. If there were natives on the island, he wouldn't notice. . . .

"One has a feeling that Coward simply cannot bring himself to slap a Notable, even gently, on the wrist."

Noel's extreme simplicity in the presence of titles, suggested Brown, may be due to a remembrance that he didn't go to Eton. "Can't the Eton people do something?" he asked, "make him an O.E. (Hon.), or an hon. ex-member of 'Pop' or whatnot?"

IS IT JEALOUSY?

On the other hand, Robin Littlewood writes in the *Stage* that "Some critics have been unjustly hard to Noel Coward. Probably it is mere jealousy, and that they are chafed to find Noel Coward not only a brilliant diarist, once supposed to be the critic's prerogative, but on terms of easy familiarity with people they would give their eyes to know."

Then he quotes the names of a lot of people whom I know—that is, when I speak to them.

THE ETERNAL G.B.S.

Bernard Shaw may be eighty-eight and all that—but he goes on working as energetically as when, in his early days in London, he had his articles rejected and he walked about almost without a penny.

Apart from all the letters he writes to papers, he is still busy rewriting the scenario of "Cæsar and Cleopatra," a film on which Gabriel Pascal will probably spend nearly £700,000 of Arthur Rank's money.

"If I ask him for an extra scene on Friday," Pascal told me, "I get it by Monday—perhaps eighteen pages of dialogue, as only Shaw can write it, and technically perfect."

THE WAR v. BING

The truth must be told—Soho was much less excited over the relief of Paris than the visit of Bing Crosby!

On the night when, two days too soon, news came that the French capital had freed itself, I counted only six French flags in the colony—and two of them were carried by French girls walking about with an American soldier.

The chief excitement was the wagon from which, outside the Queensberry Club, the B.B.C. was broadcasting the fight going on inside. That drew quite a small crowd.

But when, a few minutes later, Bing was dining at Kettner's after doing a long turn in the club, the street was crammed by people of all ages who would not go away till he had sung and made a little speech!

Who was it, do you think, Bing wanted to meet of all the people in Britain?

Will Fyffe!

Swaffer Talking

Last

By A. G. Gardiner

THE race for Berlin has reached its clima Who first strikes down the Swastik from its towers matters little. Wh matters is that it should be stru down quickly. But in this breathless ho none of us can be indifferent to the thrilli issue of the race.

Up to the Normandy landing all t probabilities pointed to the honour falling the Red Army. It had swept like a resistle tide to the frontiers of the enemy, and i Allies seemed too remote to be in at the deat

But the stupendous victory in Normand so marvellous alike in conception and exec tion, changed the outlook. The full signi cance of that victory is not yet realised, but i immediate consequences alone are decisive

Paris fell without a siege. The Germa grip on France relaxed like magic from t Seine to the Pyrenees and Toulon.

Hitler's Western Wall collapsed li matchwood and the inundation roared in up the Rhine. Everywhere the Germans were o the run.

But this was not all. Hitler had gambl everything on a great triumph in the We We were to be rolled back into the sea a "counted out for the duration."

* * *

The defeat in Normandy shattered th plan and threw Hitler's strategy into cha The West was lost up to the Rhine. At a costs the Russian invasion must now be he All his available reserves had to be switch over to stabilise the Eastern Front, for t immediate threat to Berlin was there.

With the Anglo-American armies floo ing through France, the race to Berlin to a new aspect. It was now clear that Hitle resources were wholly insufficient to hold bo fronts, and since the disaster in Norman had compelled him to give priority to t Russian front, the chance of the race falli to us became apparent.

But at this stage comes another complic tion that keeps Russia in the running. R mania leaves Hitler's sinking ship and tak sides with the Allies.

This does two things. It opens t Danube valley to the Russians and it brin Hitler's whole Balkan bastion to ruin. T rot that has seized Rumania spreads Bulgaria.

It was her desertion in the last war th led to the final stampede, and her deserti now is even more ominous. It leaves t German troops in Greece and the Æge stranded. It links up Marshal Tito with t Red Army, and it opens the gateway Hungary and Austria.

Thus in one hectic fortnight France h been lost, the Balkans have been lost, and w Italy practically lost, Hitler's continen "Fortress" has shrunk to little more than soil of the Greater Reich.

In a word, Hitler, who two years ago st with one foot in the Caucasus and one by Suez, now stands in the last ditch at home.

How long can he hold that last dit Ley, who acts as Hitler's megaphone, grown lyrical over the grandeur of the pi and-shovel campaign.

Ditch

The defeated armies are racing home, but the citizens by the thousand and ten thousand, men, women and children, are digging ditches like mad from the Baltic to Silesia.

And what is happening in the east, says Ley, will be repeated west and south. "The Party will build the same fortifications there and call up the people" to throw back the invaders.

And, not to be outdone, Goebbels implores the people to remember what Britain did in 1940 and to show that Germans can do the same. It is a flattering tribute.

But even Goebbels is aware that there is some difference between a last ditch in 1940 and a last ditch in 1944. Much has happened in the interval.

* * *

Hitler will not be saved in the last ditch by pick-and-shovel.

He will perish because the bones of millions of men who should be defending Germany in her last ditch are lying on the Steppes of Russia, the deserts of Africa, the mountains of Italy and the fields of France.

And Nazi Germany will perish with him because its destiny has been in the hands of the most egregious mountebank that has ever played the grim game of war.

In the perspective of this war two contrasting facts will be apparent to history.

One is the greatness and coherence of the Allied strategy, never more impressive than in these closing phases.

The other is Hitler's genius for blundering in all the major occasions of the war, from the failure before Moscow in December, 1941, onwards.

The greatest of these blunders is that which leaves Germany at her weakest in her most critical hour.

When the tide definitely turned in November, 1942, it became obvious that Hitler's strategy should be to cut his losses, conserve his resources, narrow his frontiers and make himself unassailable at home.

But under the domination of his vanity, his "intuitions" and his faith in miracles, he pursued the entirely opposite course. He doomed great armies to destruction rather than yield useless territory that he could not hold.

Potsdam, home of German militarism, should soon witness a very different army marching by in triumph

* * *

Now, when the siege of Germany is upon him, he is reduced to pick-and-shovel tactics. He has lost his allies. His satellites are fleeing from him. His war machine is shattered in the air, on sea and on land.

The remnants of his army are scattered over Europe—on the shores of the Gulf of Finland, in the Balkans, in Italy, in France.

In the Battle of Normandy alone more than a third of a million men were put out of action. Up the Rhone valley another army, battered and broken, is struggling to get home.

In Toulon, in Marseilles, pockets of resistance have gone off to the cages.

In Estonia, in the Greek islands, in Bessarabia, whole divisions are isolated, without any more chance of reaching Germany than they have of reaching the moon.

And, inside Germany, a people at last brought face to face with the dreadful truth, dragooned by the Gestapo, whipped off by thousands with pick and shovel to dig futile trenches, conscious of their crimes, conscious of the retribution that awaits them.

Outside, they hear the approaching roar of the enemies they have plundered.

Inside, they see that terrific Fifth Column—twelve million strong—Italians, French, Russians, Dutch, Norwegians, Belgians, Danes, all enemies, all thirsting for revenge. To-day they are slaves. Soon they will be free, with a terrible reckoning to settle.

For the race for Berlin is near its goal, and whether we or the Russians have the honour of hauling down the hated Swastika for ever and hoisting the flags of freedom over the Wilhelmstrasse, the joy will be equal and the glory shared.

Peace Time Industrial Commandos

WHEN the vast tide of demobilisation begins to break the Employment Exchanges will become the sluice gates for distributing the nation's man-power into the most suitable channels.

It will be a big job, involving some millions of people. And these post-war Employment Exchanges will be dealing with vigorous young men and women who see the chance of a new world.

★ ★ ★

It has been estimated that 1,500,000 men from the Army, and 100,000 women from the Auxiliary Territorial Service will be released within the first year after the Armistice. Including the R.A.F., the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, the Navy, Civil Defence and war-workers, nearly six million men and women may be released in that year.

What are the first steps necessary to bridge the dangerous gap between war and peace work? In his stimulating book, *Remobilisation for Peace*, just published by the *Pilot Press* at 4s. 6d., Sir Ronald Davison goes deeply into the whole question.

It will not do, he says, to switch men from Army pay to the dole if they cannot at once find employment. Special discharge pay and allowances should continue for one or two months after demobilisation, in addition to gratuities.

After the last war, the War Disposals Board did a reasonably good job in distributing war stores and material which would help to build up a soldier's home. There is a wealth of such materials in hostels, barracks and canteens to-day.

But in the last war they started too late. "This time," says Sir Ronald, "they should try to be ready within a month of the first armistice."

There is one obvious field where re-employment can begin this time—housing. A long-term building plan could absorb 1,250,000 people fairly quickly.

Immediately a vital point appears. In the first six or twelve months it may not be possible to get every trade restarted as rapidly as the building trade. The changeover must take time. This may mean considerable patches of unemployment, unless we take the right steps. That again makes a certain "fluidity" of labour absolutely vital.

Men and women should not insist upon sticking to their normal jobs immediately after the war. They should be willing to take a "demobilisation job."

There will be large numbers of "interim" jobs available, but it will be some time before industry can offer each man the job he really wants. . . . "Coach fitters might become liftmen, or warehousemen turn deck hands on merchant ships for six months or a year. All with a promise of special help towards reinstatement later on."

That is another vital point. Employment Exchanges must no longer be satisfied when they have fitted a man into any old job. His name should not then just disappear into the files. It should remain alive, constantly under survey, so that when the right job crops up he is instantly informed.

★ ★ ★

Sir Ronald Davison's next idea is striking. He suggests that we form a battalion of Industrial Commandos, to fight the battles of reconstruction.

The men would wear special badges. They would be ready to go anywhere day or night, working at high pressure to set the wheels of industry turning.

The whole corps would be voluntary, and it would offer a rate of pay at least £1 a week higher than the normal rate, together with travel and lodging.

Meanwhile, there are many organisations developed during the war which Sir Ronald Davison wants adapting to the peace. The Department for the Selection of Personnel is an instance.

This Department has brought scientific selection to bear in the Army with striking results.

Once upon a time a man was merely asked to state his education and previous experience, called for an interview and then fitted into an Army job.

Now psychologists have devised a series of tests which show the raw material of innate intelligence as distinct from circumstances of education, upbringing or accent.

For the first time it is becoming possible to put the right man in the right job. And that may mean anything up to a 10 per cent. increase in production. A civilian equivalent of this Department could achieve similar results with demobilised men and women.

VINCENT BROME.

THESE BOOKS MAKE NEWS

Four Million Pounds Disappear

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Four million pounds have been involved in irregularies concerning one Government Department alone.

A contractor boasts that its officials are "easy to handle."

He should know—he's made £27,000 in four months.

And the public pays.

OT many people, I suspect, realise just how much public money is thrown down the sink through official incompetence.

hile our fighting men overseas are ning the war on only a shilling or a day, millions of pounds here are ted with a careless prodigality.

nd, in some cases, "wasted" is a teel word for misappropriation.

When I was in a small North Country iery town recently a contractor aged on aerodrome work boasted that had made more than £27,000 in four nths!

Ministry officials are easy to handle," said.

nd it is not the first time I have rd that.

n my opening article on graft and er scandals connected with public ney, I named several Government partments whose administration needs ntening.

One was the Ministry of Aircraft Proction.

nformation I have since received gests that this Ministry is particuly at fault because it has often had to nstruct air fields in the shortest posle time.

Easy Pickings

In less than twelve months irregurities that have come *officially* to light ve involved more than £4,000,000.

Four million pounds in "known" cases one!

Though the Director of Public Prosetions has asked Scotland Yard to vestigate many of them, sufficient proof lacking to justify convictions in a iminal court.

I have just made my own investigaons into one case in which huge sums money have been made by grafters om Aircraft Production contracts.

Laxity in Government methods has ade their dishonesty easy.

I have reported the facts to Scotland ard, in the hope that the grafters may t be laid by the heels. For that ason I cannot mention names or aces.

But here are disclosures I *can* make ithout hampering the police:

Five hundred men were engaged on the onstruction of certain aerodromes eing jointly built by allied contractors.

café proprietor in the district where he principal work was being done was ven a *verbal* contract to provide efreshments. He did so, to the workers' eneral appreciation, for a certain sum ch week.

Then a clerk of works was tempted y a grafter who saw big opportunities. he clerk was offered a proportion of he profits if he would "work" a good ontract his way.

He did so.

Up went the price at once. All meals ost more.

A quarter of the profit went to the lerk of works.

Once this start had been made, one evelopment followed another. More grafters came on the scene, all intent on the same kind of corruption, all in one common cause.

The laxity for which the Ministry of Aircraft Production is criticised—general lack of supervision and so on—was a boon and a blessing to them.

Ash and pitching stone needed for the foundations of runways were provided by firms who succeeded, by corruption in securing the necessary contracts. They paid the clerk of works and his confederates to let them know the lowest figures.

Nor were they content with this.

Checkers at the aerodromes were "squared" to pass non-existent deliveries.

Tons and tons of materials have been paid for that never left the contractor's dumps.

Haulage contractors were "in the swim" too, and made so much money that they were able to pay their labourers twice the usual wage.

Even then these hauliers made, in clear profit, £30 a day each.

Goods were supposed to be in such short supply that loads were taken to the runway beds as soon as they arrived. Any check likely to be made after a week or two had passed would be impossible.

The grafters took full advantage of this, and everything was in their favour from beginning to end.

Bad as these facts are, they are not the worst.

One of the quarries that supplied a large proportion of the ash and pitching stone was bought by a person employed by the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

He did it through a paid nominee who received a salary from him as an ordinary employee.

One of my informants was a few months ago offered four figures to play a part in this corrupt business. He refused.

"While our lads are across the water fighting to win this war, often without a smoke, these swine can make lots of money in this way and no one seems to bother," he said bitterly.

A man who now holds a military commission is one of the people who know these astonishing facts. I have passed his name, with others, on to the police.

The manner in which some aerodrome

Grafters found no opening in the all-American aerodromes built in Britain. But they have made fortunes elsewhere!

contracts have been handled by the Ministry of Aircraft Production is really scandalous.

Verbal Contracts

Cases have occurred, indeed, where no written contracts have been entered into until long after the work has been started.

With this in mind, study a few examples of the shocking waste of money that has ensued:

One aerodrome, originally estimated to cost £350,000, actually cost nearly a million.

Another, contracted at about £300,000, finished at more than double.

In yet a third case, where protracted police inquiries ended with proof that directors of a firm of contractors had received secret commissions from subcontractors, the only reward the investigators received was the knowledge that the guilty grafters got away with it.

In another case books were "written up" so that tell-tale figures were concealed. But haulage contractors, in eight or nine weeks, netted £13,000 by bribing a checker who—when the likelihood of disclosure showed itself—managed to get a job abroad!

In another scandal, about which inquiries are still being made, it is known that tens of thousands of pounds have been overpaid to contractors through connivance with dishonest officials.

As I have so often revealed, adequate information about the characters of people given important Government posts is not obtained before they are appointed.

Inspectors at Fault

This was illustrated in Leeds only recently when an official checker pleaded guilty and was sentenced for obtaining money from a firm of contractors for showing favour. He had already been to prison for false pretences—as the most elementary inquiry would have proved.

It is within my knowledge, too, that several Government inspectors have been paid substantial sums "under the table" for not reporting faulty work.

This is another reason why the Ministry should overhaul the grossly incompetent fashion in which some of its contracts have been made.

A remarkable case—which has nothing to do with the Ministry of Aircraft Production—was reported to me last week by a man whose word can be implicitly relied upon.

A man who tendered for Government work, would have been satisfied with only a reasonable profit.

His tender, accordingly, was submitted at the lowest possible figure.

A few days later a Government official arrived at his business premises in a large car. He said he could not understand how the contractor concerned could "possibly do a good job" at the price he had quoted.

Mentioning a figure that was more than double the contractor's price, the caller suggested that the latter should resubmit his tender on the higher terms.

The contractor indignantly refused, tersely remarking that national expenditure should surely be kept as low as possible—not deliberately inflated.

The amazing thing, despite all this, is that he duly received an official tender that contained the increased price for his signature!

From all the varied information I have collected during my investigations about bribery and municipal scandals caused through incompetence, I could continue writing articles for months.

But I have dealt with most of the main evils and, in my concluding article next week, will volunteer some free advice to the responsible authorities as to the methods they should adopt to curb them.

SOME LANDLORDS ARE ARTFUL DODGERS

LANDLORDS cannot be blamed for looking after their own interests. But wives of Servicemen should be on their guard when the landlord suggests that it is much more convenient if the rent books are transferred from their husbands' names to their own.

For women who have fallen for the manœuvre have been landed in a lot of trouble.

The explanation is simple. A landlord cannot compel anyone but the tenant to pay the rent. If the wife of a soldier falls into arrears she cannot be sued—only the tenant is legally responsible.

★ ★ ★

True, the landlord can bring an action for arrears of rent. But the point is this: The landlord cannot get the tenant turned out if it is shown that the financial difficulties of the tenant—in this case the soldier-husband—are due to the war. The arrears have to be paid, of course, but the landlord cannot get possession.

But immediately the wife agrees to the landlord's suggestion and gets the rent book transferred to her own name she becomes legally responsible.

Suppose she falls into arrears, and the landlord is determined to get rid of her as a tenant in order to profit by the rising demand for accommodation. He can bring an action in court for possession of the house.

★ ★ ★

The probability is that she will be evicted. For this reason: The court will only refuse the landlord's plea if the tenant—in this case the soldier's wife—can show that her financial position has worsened because of the war since she began the tenancy. But in her case her income will be about the same as when she actually became the tenant by getting the rent book in her name instead of her husband's.

There have been too many cases of this kind in recent months. Even apart from the question of eviction, landlords have been quick to get the legal responsibility transferred to the shoulders of wives whose husbands are in the Forces.

Service legal and welfare departments have been given a lot of unnecessary work in safeguarding Servicemen's interests when such court cases occur—and, as I say, they are becoming far too numerous.

The War Office safeguards the interests of any soldier against whom any court action may be raised. Men are encouraged to go to the legal officers in each command whenever any move of this kind is made.

But it is not so easy to intervene when a wife transfers the legal responsibility to herself. The Army's legal officers start at a disadvantage when the protection normally given a serving soldier is bypassed by the simple expedient of substituting a "Mrs." for a "Mr." in the rent book.

★ ★ ★

So, madam, when your landlord tells you how much more simple it would be if you became the tenant of the house, be forewarned—and leave your husband's name in the rent book.

J. D. MARGACH.

Short Story

"Er — yes, dear," said Mr. Trenkle—the three words that he knew best

Drawing by Edgar Spenceley

He Got Her Own Way

By Will Scott

MR. TRENKLE, knowing he wanted to go to town for the day, knew he would not be going to town for the day. Which made him sigh.

It wasn't going to come off. Nothing ever did come off. Life had always been like that with Mr. Trenkle and it had turned him into a very sad little man.

You might have said he was a lucky little man. Comfortably off. Able to pay other people to work for him. Little flat in London. And now this lovely little cottage in the country. You, not being as lucky yourself, might have envied him.

On the other hand, if you *never* got your own way. . . . And Mr. Trenkle never did. Never had.

Even this lovely little cottage in the country. He had never wanted to live in it. That had been Mrs. Trenkle's idea from the beginning, and somehow Mrs. Trenkle's ideas always came off.

He knew, even as the thought began to form, that it was useless to suggest getting out the car and running up to London for the day. Mrs. Trenkle hated London, and anyway, as she had often told him, the country was good for him.

And again, even as the thought began to form, he heard the car being backed out of the garage, and when he went to investigate there was Mrs. Trenkle at the wheel ready to start out somewhere.

"I'm going into Yeosted for the day," she told him at the top of her voice.

"Er—yes, dear," said Mr. Trenkle—the three words that Mr. Trenkle knew best.

"I don't know what time I'll be back," she said. "Amuse yourself and keep out of trouble. Oh . . . the gardener will be here to-day. See that he gets these beds in front of the house ready, will you?"

"Er—yes, dear," said Mr. Trenkle.

"Nasturtiums and marigolds," said Mrs. Trenkle. "Thousands of 'em."

"Er—nasturtiums and marigolds?" said Mr. Trenkle.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Trenkle. "Cottagey. It *is* a cottage. Let's make it look like a cottage."

"Er—yes, dear," said Mr. Trenkle, nearly blushing.

"So don't forget—nasturtiums and marigolds."

"Er——" And now Mr. Trenkle really did blush.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Mrs. Trenkle.

"Well—er—I rather thought . . ."

"Thought . . ." Mrs. Trenkle frowned.

"Er—yes, dear," said Mr. Trenkle.

"Come on—what is it you rather thought?"

"Well — perhaps — lupins and delphiniums and montbretia . . . tall, spikey stuff. Everything high—you know—sort of vista. . . ."

Mrs. Trenkle stamped on the clutch pedal, slammed in the gear lever, and leaned over the side of the car with a savage expression.

"Listen," she said, "it's marigolds and nasturtiums. Have you got that?"

"Er—yes, dear," said Mr. Trenkle.

"You'll tell the gardener when he comes?"

Mr. Trenkle swallowed hard.

"YOU see——"

"You'll tell the gardener when he comes?"

"Er—yes, dear."

"Right."

And the engine revved up and away went Mrs. Trenkle. And Mr. Trenkle sat on a garden seat and wanted to cry.

"There's going to be a row about this," he said. "An awful row."

He didn't exactly wish he was dead. But he wished the gardener was. That would save the awful row.

When the gardener came he stopped his bike, but he didn't get off it. He sat astride it like a very big boy on a very little tin horse and beamed over the gate.

"Goin' straight up to the village for them delphiniums and things now," he said. "'Eard they arrived last night. Shan't be ten minutes."

"Er——," said Mr. Trenkle.

The gardener lifted one foot to his pedal.

"Get 'em all in to-day," he said.

"Er——," said Mr. Trenkle. "The fact is. You see. If you've got a minute. I've been thinking."

The gardener, frowning, got off his bike, propped it against the wall and came into the garden.

"'Ow d'yer mean?" he said.

Mr. Trenkle muttered something about old-world cottages wanting old-world effects. Nothing towny.

"'Ow d'yer mean?" said the gardener.

"I've been thinking," said Mr. Trenkle, shuffling for time and wishing he didn't sweat every time people looked at him.

The gardener waited, wordless.

"What about nasturtiums and marigolds?" said Mr. Trenkle, rushing his fences.

The gardener was still wordless. He found part of a cigarette behind his ear. He found a match in his waistcoat pocket. He lit the cigarette slowly. But all the time he kept his eyes on Mr. Trenkle.

"Nasturtiums and marigolds?" he said at last.

"Er—yes," said Mr. Trenkle, wishing he had been born twins and that his parents had kept the other one instead.

"NASTURTIUMS AND MARIGOLDS?" said the gardener, in horrible capital letters.

"Well . . ." said Mr. Trenkle.

(If only he'd told her that he'd ordered—or, rather, let the gardener order—the delphiniums and whatnots already. But, then, how she'd have *gone on*. . . .)

"I don't get you," said the gardener.

To which Mr. Trenkle could find nothing to say.

"What are people going to say about *me*?" the gardener wanted to know. "If they see nothing but nasturtiums and marigolds in your garden. They're going to say 'Is gardener 'as been pulling 'is leg.' They wouldn't want a gardener like that to work for them. That is, a gardener like me. It would do me no end of 'arm in business."

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Trenkle.

"If it's nasturtiums and marigolds you're after, you don't want a gardener. You want a couple o' tuppenny packets from the village," said the gardener.

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Trenkle, wondering how, with a temperament, he had managed to live so long—and why. . . .

"Besides," said the gardener, "it makes me look such a fool."

"Er——" said Mr. Trenkle.

"Go up to the village, d'yer mean?" said the gardener. "And cancel the order?"

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Trenkle.

(Why *couldn't* he make his mind up about things? Nobody had a very high opinion of Mr. Trenkle, but Mr. Trenkle positively *hated* him.)

"Well," said the gardener, still staring hard at Mr. Trenkle, "better make your mind up."

"Well—er—of course, is—er—," said Mr. Trenkle.

"*If* I cancel that order," said the gardener, "somebody's name's going to be mud."

"Oh, dear," said Mr. Trenkle.

The gardener opened the gate again.

"So I get the delphiniums and things?" he said.

"Thank you," said Mr. Trenkle, sweating at every pore.

"Right," said the gardener.

And off he went on his bike and up to the village and Mr. Mooney's store.

"Got them plants?" he asked.

"All ready packed for you," said Mr. Mooney.

"Funny sort 'o bloke, that new bloke I'm workin' for down at the cottage," said the gardener. "Never seems able to make his mind up."

"Well, fancy," said Mr. Mooney.

"Course I just looked him in the eye!" said the gardener. "Once you look him in the eye he starts to tremble, and once he starts to tremble you've got him."

"What did he want?" asked Mr. Mooney.

"Can you believe it—nasturtiums and marigolds!"

"Would have been easier for you."

The gardener winked.

"Instead of five hundred of these," said Mr. Mooney, nodding at the big parcel. "You know," he added, "five hundred seems a lot for that garden."

The gardener winked again.

"You got to get up early," he said.

The gardener went back to Mr. Trenkle's cottage and found Mr. Trenkle not looking forward to his future life. The gardener whistled cheerfully and got on with the job. Plant after plant, row after row. And he whistled so cheerfully that after ten minutes or so Mr. Trenkle couldn't stand it any longer. He went indoors.

THAT was the moment. Into a sack went a hundred or so of the little plants and over a fence went the sack, to hide away in the bottom of a ditch. Then the gardener got on with the job again, still whistling.

By tea-time it was done.

"Finished," he roared through the kitchen door.

Mr. Trenkle came to light.

"Looks fine," said the gardener.

"Er—yes," said Mr. Trenkle.

"Goin' now," said the gardener.

"Good — er — afternoon," said Mr. Trenkle.

And he sat down and looked at the plants popping up everywhere.

"There's going to be a row about this," he said. "Oh, dear. An awful row."

The gardener crept quietly in through his little gate. But his wife spotted him. She spotted the sack as well.

"What's all this?" she said.

"Plants," said the gardener. "I knocked 'em off. Delphiniums, lupins, montbretia. Real posh."

"You don't say," said the gardener's wife. "Well, I've told you before—you can keep your posh ways for your posh pals. Nasturtiums and marigolds is wot we always 'ad in this garden—all my time and me mother's before me. And that's wot we're always goin' to 'ave. See?"

"But——" said the gardener.

"Now don't start arguing or I shall *talk*," said the gardener's wife. "We want two tuppenny packets from the store."

"Er——" said the gardener.

His wife took the sack and emptied it into a field over the fence.

"And we want 'em *now*," she said.

"Er—yes, dear," said the gardener.

And he got on his bike and went to see about it.

HUMAN MACHINE

LET'S KEEP IT GOING

Has it ever occurred to you to wonder why it is that the world is full to-day of schemes and plans for "post-war development"?

It would be easy to say that it is so because for five years the world has been busy knocking down, and that naturally someone has to begin thinking how to build up again. That is only part of the truth.

The rest of the story is that the world has an extremely guilty conscience, and also a much keener "community sense" than it had five years ago.

Experience—always a very sound, if very expensive, teacher—has shown us all that selfishness of outlook, of attitude and activity is responsible for nearly all our misery.

From statesmen downwards, we all feel, however vaguely, that we must never again allow such a narrow point of view to dominate our lives.

That is how we all feel for the moment—but it is a mood that will not last.

It will fade in the reverse proportion as freedom from fear and release from worry come again.

The only real remedy, the only possible corrective for such a danger is to do something for someone else, to do something for the community.

If you can't do anything more active, then for heaven's sake at least take an interest in some affairs outside your own little circle;

Never again will it be enough to stand aside and not hinder. That will never again be a substitute for helping—for actually *doing*.

We're all in the mood now. Let's keep it going.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

SERVING in India since 1939, Condr. R. A. Stephens, H.Q., 14th Army, S.E. Asia, makes a complaint about mail delays in a letter to his father at Victoria Street, Wolverton, Bucks:

We are having a terrible time for mail, and these delays do nothing to improve morale. Yet Sir James Grigg stands up in the Commons and with smug complacency says that mail is reaching the most forward positions in ten days! The last letter I had was dated early June, and that's a sight more than ten days!

I only wish Sir James could hear the views on his person flashed round the mess. He seems to figure in the post-war aims of many out here.

We ask no more than for him to serve a couple of weeks in the jungle, or perhaps we will make it five years, like our repatriation!

Debunking Malta

Seaman D. L. Wray, indignantly gives the "low down" on Malta in a letter to the Editor:

The whole mess protests against the trash written about Malta, especially all that nonsense about bananas, grapes and other luscious fruits. We have yet to find 'em.

Here is some of the truth about Malta. Let us start with the N.A.A.F.I. canteen, where a bar of chocolate marked 3d. on the wrapper costs 4½d., which is typical of canteen prices. No wonder this organisation measures its profits in millions!

Believe that 90 per cent. of the lads who come to Malta are glad to get away from the place at the first opportunity. About recreation, the chief "attractions" are a few dance halls open to "other ranks." Admission, three shillings; and having paid we have often to dance with our pals! I ask you!

The pubs are terrible and the beer is worse. Go inside a pub, and a "lady" sits down with you and asks you to buy her a sherry. This liquid is coloured water, but you pay 2s. 6d. for it!

If you are a mug or a millionaire you buy her more of them, and later learn that the new-found girl friend draws a commission of 2s. on each glass of "sherry" she pours down her dear white throat.

God help the poor sailors or soldiers who have to stay on this detestable island!

Progress in Italy

Serving with the 8th Army in Italy, Pte. J. Clarke, R.A.S.C., mentions the rapid progress of that Army in a letter to a friend at Kimberley Avenue, Nunhead, London, S.E.:

We are continually on the hop these days. What a game it is trying to keep up with Jerry.

Often we are working away as usual at H.Q. in the morning with everything well established and organised, and then that same evening we find ourselves miles away, with our tents up, and everything working again, as if nothing had happened to disturb us.

. . . Two days ago I returned from a four-day tour of units with Capt. ———, which was a pleasant trip. The first night we stayed at a large ultra-modern house, deserted by its owners. We made ourselves comfortable, cooked ourselves a grand meal in the kitchen. Later we revelled in a super-bathroom, which was just a mass of porcelain fittings and gadgets.

Next night by contrast we had dinner (we always carry our own food) at an outlandish farm, where we were treated by the aged occupants as if we were men from Mars.

I think Jerry must know when I am coming, for every town and village we have passed through during the past three months has been dry, owing to the fact that before Jerry leaves he makes it a priority job to pull out all the plugs of the "Vino" barrels.

Last week we camped near a castle on the top of a hill, and some of the lads went in to investigate. They reported that the wine cellar was flooded ankle-deep with wine and all the barrels had been unplugged and overturned.

Less than Ever!

The recent "increase" in Servicemen's pay continues to arouse resentment; men complain they are now worse off than before. An R.A.F. man writes to the Editor:

Pay adjustments are now coming through and thousands of men in the R.A.F. find themselves receiving less, in terms of family income, than before these generous "increases" of pay were granted.

To quote my own case, my wife received a supplementary R.A.F. pay book for 9s. 6d. a week. After the pay "increase," her War Service Grant was reduced by 11s. a week, so she is getting 1s. 6d. a week less!

To make matters worse, my compulsory allotment has been increased by 3d. a day, so I lose 1s. 9d. a week. Net loss to the family is therefore 3s. 3d. a week.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

We married men with children are dismayed and exasperated at this "Irishman's rise," and look upon it as unblushing trickery by the Government.

No Place to Swim

Bathing in the Dead Sea is a doubtful pleasure, according to Gnr. H. Gray, R.A., C.M.F., who writes to his mother at Portslade, Sussex:

We found the time to make the run down to the Dead Sea. My second visit.

Some of the boys dived in, but not this laddie. Soon they came out of the oily water, gasping and choking from the strength of the salt and other chemicals that the sea contains.

Out they came and with no fresh water with which to rinse off the sea water, so their towels just slipped over their skins without absorbing the heavy water, which dried on them in a thick film. I prefer to do my bathing off the Sussex coast!

DIED AT HIS JOB

● While at his job as a storekeeper, Mr. S. H. Yockney, of Eastcote, Middlesex, was killed by a flying-bomb.

As Mr. Yockney was a registered reader of JOHN BULL a cheque was promptly sent to his widow under our Free Air Raid Insurance. Her brother-in-law writes:—

> On behalf of my late brother's widow I write to thank you for your cheque. As she has two very young boys to support you can appreciate her gratitude for the help received.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an insurance policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against air raids, gas attacks, invasion, and bombardment, including substantial benefits for death or loss of sight.

Readers who have not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● New Zealand can afford to pay their totally disabled men a pension of £4 15s. a week, against our miserable £2 a week (worth about 25s.). Perhaps the Minister of Pensions will explain why?—"F. C.," Gidea Park.

★ ★ ★

I am having a ripping time. My Utility dressing-gown is splitting in all directions, and it wasn't cheap. What do the manufacturers mean by "Utility"?—Miss D. Hannaford, Effingham Street, Ramsgate.

★ ★ ★

Vegetables are good for us—but what to cook them in? Saucepans are scarce and prices awful. A saucepan priced at 6s. 6d. and worth half-a-crown is no good for use on a coal fire.—"T.B.," Elland Road, Leeds.

★ ★ ★

A friend killed in a road accident four years ago has now been summoned for not registering with his age group!—A. Dawson, Grand Avenue, Ely, Cardiff.

★ ★ ★

While occupants of 3,000 villages haven't even tap-water, the Government's "bath-in-every-home" ideal seems like putting the cart before the horse.—R. Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth.

★ ★ ★

Owing to the shortage of beer, publicans now work very few hours a day. Could they not fill up their spare time with work of national importance?—B. Heath, Windermere Road, Streatham, S.W.16.

When Did You Last See a Donkey?

CAN you waste time? Or do you, sometimes, only seem to be wasting it?

When Sir Thingummy sat under the apple tree and the apples came down wallop on his head and he discovered the force of wositsname he was probably indulging in a pleasant half-hour's dodge. Or so he may have thought.

Lady Thingummy probably played old Harry about it all. Most likely Sir T. was supposed to be mending the bathroom tap and not larking about down the orchard.

But what a much smaller man he'd have been in the history books if he'd gone upstairs and got on with the job.

The other evening a few of us were wasting time jawing. Or we seemed to be wasting time.

★ ★ ★

Somebody said: "When did you last see a donkey?" And that set us all going.

When did *you* last see a donkey? I can't remember the last one I saw, when or where. The things seemed to disappear suddenly, like something on a conjuror's thumb.

You see horses now and again, at any rate in the country. Sometimes you'll see a cow or a sheep. But you never see a donkey.

★ ★ ★

Funny thing to talk about. And, of course, one thing led to another, as things will when you get jawing.

By the end of the evening one of us had discovered how to end the war in a fortnight. Which just shows.

If we'd started out to argue the best way of winning the war in a fortnight we'd have probably ended up by discussing the nature of rainbows.

You never know where you're going to arrive when you start out. I'll bet such things as hansom cabs and ice-cream were the results of jaws about such things as cabbages and kings.

When I hear a lot of men sitting around jawing about whether it was in 1903 or 1904 that Sam's old sow had a litter of twenty-two, I never think they're wasting their time. Something will come of it, if only another jaw tomorrow night. With the chance of something to come of *that*.

There's hope for the human race in men who want to sit down and waste time by jawing. It's the strong, silent men who are not so hot. The men who burn up every minute by doing something useful. Such as mending the bathroom tap.

How can a ninety-third thing lead to a wonderful ninety-fourth thing if you never have a first thing to wander from if one thing never leads to another?

Sheep and earwigs never sit around and jaw and waste time talking about any old thing. And look where they've got.

★ ★ ★

I guess every worthwhile thing in human history has been the result of idle chatter somewhere, if you could trace it back far enough.

One night I must start a jaw about sneezing or fretwork or the Dr. Foster who rode to Gloster and see where that leads.

I may find out what's happened to the donkey.

A. G.

Romance *versus* Realism

I WONDER how many thousands of young people have had to face the problem described in the following letter? It comes from an eighteen-year-old who is in the throes of his first love affair.

I know you will think me crazy, he says, but I can't help it. I won't try to describe her except to say that she is dark as a gipsy and is brimming over with vitality and fun. I can hardly sleep for thinking about her.

But my parents are worried. They think she is an awful flirt and will lead me a terrible dance. She has too many boy friends for their liking. She will let me down; yet life without her would be meaningless.

My mother would like me to drop her for a girl of her own choice—a fair girl, pretty, capable, sweet-tempered, fond of her home, the sort who would make a splendid wife. Common sense tells me my mother is right. But I just don't want any girl but the all-important one.

Both girls are fond of me, and from my parents' point of view, I'm crazy about the wrong one. Ought I to listen to their advice and marry for safety? Or should I follow my instincts and take the risk?

Of course you will sympathise with my parents, but there must be scores of other men who have been madly in love and have married to please themselves. Has it always worked out badly, as older people say? I would like to know all the arguments for and against.

In countries where marriages are arranged by parents the results are often quite happy. A young man ecstatically in love is incapable of making wise decisions, and some marriages based upon physical passion or adolescent illusions seem to be foredoomed from the start.

But in our country there is a violent objection to marrying for any calculated reason. We think it horrible for a man to marry one girl when he is daydreaming of another. It is grossly unfair on the girl to let her discover that she has only the second place in his affections.

If I may venture to predict, I fancy the gipsy-dark girl will jilt him. She won't want to be tied to one man when she is having such a gay time with a whole crowd. He will be heartbroken and vow he will never look at another girl. He will probably marry about the age of twenty-four or twenty-five.

I could quote cases of men who defied parents and married the woman of their choice. Some turned out happily; others did not.

A characteristic remark of one young man is this: "I knew I should have a devil of a time with her, but I also knew I should have a devil of a time without her. So what?"

An anxious father writes to me about his young son, who is something of a problem.

We are afraid that unless we do something out of the ordinary he will go astray, he writes. The masters at school find him difficult. He refuses to call any of them "sir," and speaks as roughly as he can on the assumption that to speak correctly is snobbish.

The boy has brains, but takes no interest in school work. He makes no attempt to concentrate. We are at our wits' end. He has beaten us all hands up. We have given him advice and care and love, but it seems of no avail.

The father wants to know what to do for the best. He is going to fight hard, he says, to save the boy from himself.

It is clear that the boy is living in a state of mutiny against all authority whether in school or in the home. Something has gone wrong within him. I suggest that a psychologist at a clinic for problem children could throw light on what that something is.

If the boy were mine I should seriously consider sending him to a training ship. The discipline would almost certainly be good for him and he might be as happy there as he is miserable in his present environment.

Some weeks ago I quoted several letters expressing violent opinions about men doing domestic work, and I should like to quote just one more.

Your views, and those of your readers seem to me almost pre-Victorian, writes a man. We all know that most household work is degrading because at the back of our minds we know it is unnecessary.

It is not a question of either man or wife going out to work while the other stays at home to do the chores. We ought to have a system that allows both to go out to work if they please and both be entitled to the same wage.

What can be done in other countries can be done here. The abolition of kitchen drudgery would involve the complete revolution in our outlook on post-war housing. We want more communal-hotel housing.

Everything under one roof: three or four rooms to each family; "hotels" to house up to fifty families; dine in your own flat or at the canteen; laundry, library, concert hall, post office, telephones, swimming pool, nursery, resident nurse, doctors, shops, roof-garden, etc., in the same building.

Outside: parks, tennis courts, gardens for each tenant, garages, and other amenities.

Whether you agree with me or not, I know it is the only practical solution of the housework problem.

I wonder what the millions of women whose lives are completely absorbed in running a house will have to say to this big scheme? If it can be done, why not begin agitating for it at once before the rehousing gets under way?

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

Boys who are misfits at school often react favourably to the disciplined life on a training ship

★ Here are described some fantastic meetings at sea that would seem to be the result of sheer imagination if they were portrayed on a cinema screen

Dramatic Reunions in Mid-Ocean

MIDNIGHT had just slipped away in that world of creeping cloud and lonely water. The *Chartres* rolled in the heavy swell. The crew had settled down for the night, and it was impossible for anybody to know that somewhere out on the black surface of the water a tiny feather of foam was approaching the ship.

Far down below, Sidney Walker, fireman of the *Chartres*, went about his job. He had gone about that job for some years. There wasn't very much you could teach him about it.

Suddenly the torpedo hit the ship with a giant roar, tore open hold No. 2, and set a dozen dramas moving.

It might have been half an hour later: it might have been eternity. Fifteen men were straining at the oars of a lifeboat, but, with all their straining, it still looked as though they would be sucked back into the gaping hole in the old *Chartres'* side.

At last, slowly, the distance between the sinking ship and the lifeboat began to increase, and Sidney Walker felt easier.

He did not look upon himself as a remarkable chap.

But fate had singled out Sidney Walker to play the lead in an odd little incident which might have been a miracle or just luck, according to how you looked at these things.

Sidney Walker came from good old South Shields. More particularly he came from number 8, South Close, and that address is one of the keys to this story.

Luck or Miracle?

Once they were safely away from the *Chartres* the sixty-four-year-old bosun took stock of their situation and found no cause for alarm.

Twenty-four hours slipped by. Then another twenty-four. It was cold; there was nothing living in sight. A song to help the boat along! So they sang.

Two days mounted into three, three into four. When it came to the ninth that was a bad day. Then came the tenth and eleventh.

On the sixteenth day they sighted the boat. It was a Canadian corvette and it made towards them.

Walker lay exhausted in the bottom of the lifeboat as the corvette drew alongside. He heard a voice shouting. For a moment he couldn't make sense of the words.

"What the devil are you doing down there?"

It sounded a silly thing to say. But—hadn't he heard that voice before?

In a few minutes he knew why the voice sounded familiar. The man who had rescued him in mid-Atlantic, thousands of miles from home, was William Davis, his next door neighbour at South Close in South Shields!

During this war the limitless wastes of ocean have been the scene of two other astounding reunions in which the millionth chance has come off.

Were they just a whim of the sea? Fate? Coincidence?

What was it, for instance, which ordained that Dr. Miller should meet his daughter in such remarkable circumstances? He was surgeon aboard one of our warships when they picked up the message from another ship: "We are being shelled by a raider."

Then followed the name of the ship, and that marked the first stage of the drama. For it was the liner *Britannia*, and aboard her was Dr. Miller's daughter, twenty-six-year-old Nancy, also a surgeon.

The warship tried to get further details, but the *Britannia's* wireless failed.

For two whole days they heard nothing more. They were unpleasant days for Dr. Miller.

On the third day a neutral ship came in sight. A boat put out from this ship and the first person to step from it on to the warship was Dr. Nancy Miller!

Strange Story

She had left the *Britannia* in a lifeboat. They were hundreds of miles from her father's warship. Eventually the neutral had picked them up and, sailing on its original course, had come upon the warship.

There remains the strange story of Captain Johnson.

This story began before the war at a certain Razon's Tavern, near Malaga in Spain. It was a typically Spanish tavern smelling of spilt wine and cheroots.

Captain Johnson was sitting alone at a table with two empty chairs. An elderly man and a charming young girl asked if they might join him since there were no other chairs vacant. Johnson welcomed them.

He was attracted by this slender girl with the American accent and the soft, drawling voice. He discovered that the elderly gentleman was her uncle and that they were touring Spain together.

The following evening he dined alone with Pamela. They went out into the moonlit streets of the old Spanish city. They walked and talked for nearly an hour and the world seemed enchanted to both of them.

But Johnson had to leave for France the following day. Six months later he was back in America and his memory of Pamela had dimmed.

Pacific Meeting

When America entered the war, Captain Johnson volunteered for service overseas and was soon fighting in the Philippines.

The climax came when the 'plane in which he was travelling was shot down by a Japanese fighter.

Johnson's parachute opened all right, but nearly smothered him when he hit the water. He managed to dive from under it and reach the surface. He blinked at what he saw—a lifeboat, there in mid-ocean!

A few minutes later he and the pilot of the 'plane were being hauled aboard. A nurse came over to him.

He counted three before he looked at her again. It was Pamela—Pamela whom he had not seen or heard of for five years.

Pamela's story was simple. She had returned to America when the war broke out, volunteered as a nurse, and had been sent to the Pacific with a medical unit. The ship in which she travelled had been sunk, and she had scrambled into a lifeboat. Then suddenly, out of the skies, came—Captain Johnson.

RIZLA

News Bulletin

Cigarette Papers

Still a bit scarce owing to war-time difficulties.

Cigarette Machines

No more until the end of the war. RECONDITION your old machine with a new band, price 1d. from most tobacconists.

Filter Tips

NO SHORTAGE AT PRESENT. A packet of 100 saves enough tobacco to make 24 *Cigarettes for* 4d. Get some TO-DAY.

(Retailers ask your Wholesaler for supplies).

RIZLA

Are You keeping

YOUR FITNESS VITALITY & CHARM

THAT inner well-being, the bright eyes, clear complexion and the vitality that go with it, are just a matter of nightly routine—the results which Bile Beans surely bring.

Bile Beans build up good health and good digestion while you sleep. They tone you up, purify the blood, clear the system of toxic wastes, and keep you fit, vital, and full of charm. So to always look and feel your best—

Just Take Nightly

BILE BEANS

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Electricity delivers the goods

Tanks to be shipped to the battlefronts . . . . guns to be moved . . . supplies to be sent forward . . . . Electricity is on the job — lifting, carrying, maintaining communications. That is why WE MUST SAVE FUEL TODAY.

EDA

— IT MUST BE

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

IN BLACK, BROWN & TONETTE

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LAST LAUGH

Bos (Holbeach).—"If she was a blonde, I'd ask her to marry me." Then your first step is to ask her to be a blonde.

B. L. (Midlands).—"As a war worker I spent my holiday at home this year not without profit. I learned to know little things I had never known before." Your children?

F. S. (Crowle).—"I am ordered to take things more quietly if I want to avoid trouble." Not in the burglary line, are you?

L. R. (Daventry).—"I feel that I could make a good after-dinner speech if given a chance." Do you mean if given a good dinner?

C. V. (Norwich).—"My reaction to the cost-of-living figures issued won't bear putting on paper." We understand. They don't go down with you at all.

F. T. (Carlisle).—"We are all born musical." But when we are born our parents have usually passed the stage of musical appreciation.

G. H. (Watford).—"I like a game that lasts a long time without calling on one for too much movement." Chess should suit you.

V. B. (Manchester).—"You can't cheer up a man who has been bombed out by prating about the wind on the heath, brother." Nor by the wind on the hearth, brother.

G. H. (Fulham).—"In what section of the population is the reading habit most observable?" Observable? We think the messenger boys have it

F. G. (Evershot).—"Every week now we seem to hear of yet another vitamin." Science seems to think we will swallow any old thing.

P. T. (Dover).—"Our ears, I take it, were given us for our hearing." Also as supports for our spectacles.

PA (Morden).—"My boy is full of promise, but I can't exactly think what career is best for him." A political career seems to be indicated.

BERTHA (Balham).—"What does the snuffy old professor mean who says kissing shortens life? Where is the proof?" Perhaps he remembers that when he was young it made life pass more quickly.

VEG. (Cobham).—"Well, in what way is boiled nettle preferable, as some say, to spinach?" It is cheaper.

CORP. (London).—"The winners of most battles are the best fed." And the losers the fed up.

B, L. (Bodmin).—"Those who get into the habit of mending and making do will find it profitable." Mend-make made dough, eh?

SUE (Ripon). — "What is a special constable?" The one a girl is in love with.

V. L. (Mitcham).—"Many of our children will have two languages at their command, once the war is over." English and American?

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Don't know what it is, but there's somethin' about this war that reminds me of the last 'un!"

Side-Slips

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE:—"FAGS flew at all Government and public offices."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—". . . said the woman was standing in the BUTTER as he approached."

IPSWICH EVENING STAR:—". . . BRIDES which the Allied Air Force has spared from bombardment. . . ."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:". . . and a cup without a CANDLE. . . ."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—". . . slipped when making a high jump and fractured his LIFE wrist."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Members hope to provide help with mending and make-do-and-MEN problems."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—". . . two raids on the Japanese mainland in 24 HOUSES."

MOSSLEY AND SADDLEWORTH REPORTER:—". . . took the opportunity to EXPLODE a little of the surrounding district. . . ."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—". . . was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment at Crewe for refusing a medical EDUCATION under the National Service Act."

EVENING STANDARD: — "This works out at 30 tons a MINUTE, or one ton every two minutes. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Broken in health since last November, Mr. W. Bowland, a Manchester reader, has spent nine weeks in hospital with double pneumonia. It will be a long time before he is fit to work again.

He has a hard struggle to fend for his wife and four children. A veteran of the last war, he has no pension.

A hard case? Yes; but only one of scores which we are trying to help. You can help, too, by sending a contribution to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please mark envelopes "War Sufferers."

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4s.: W. G. Jordan, 23, Pinfold Lane, Grimsby. **Distaste Landlady—Has "Million Bayonets"—Mattress!**

3s.: G. Pike, 9, Amoy Street, Southampton. **In Other Harness—Slavery Fought—Fight Re-employment!**

2s.: R. Gardner, 16, Lorne Road, Leicester. **Too Many People—Leave Politics To Few.**

BIG SURPRISE For 'BULLETEERS' NEXT WEEK!

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20s.: P. G. Poynter, "Halcyon," Peel Common, St. Fareham, Hants. **Home For Lice—Like Tommy. That "Rabbit-hutch"?**

20s.: J. W. Mexham, 40, Norman Road, Ilford, Essex. **Going Strong—Then Fishmonger Serves Any-body!**

20s.: W. A. Bavin, 128, Barrow Road, Bristol. **Following The Tradition—And Unconventional Hourly ARMY.**

10s.: P. H. Lisk, 19, Palmersfield Road, Banstead, Surrey. **Peaceful Spot—Village. Till Grandpa Spots! Fountain Pen with each of the above prizes.**

A list of 50 winners of 5s. can be seen at these offices; 250 New Prizes and 750 Merit Awards have been posted.

8 CHEQUES WON IN XWORD 392

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RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value £25 shared between 81 entrants.

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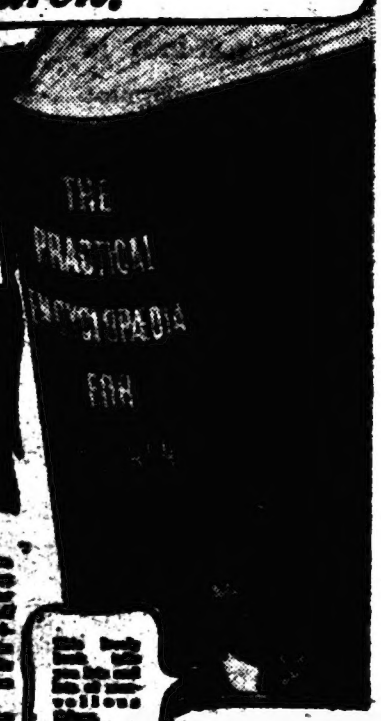

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250 Useful NEW PRIZES

Use any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Jay Who Day—Friday, September 29.

BRITAIN WE WANT
MAGGIAN MONTY
MARCHING ON
TERRIBLE THING
WORK IN PLENTY
PATRIOTS
LIFE IS SHORT, SO
HORRORS IN STORE
AT ASTONISHING SPEED
TIME TO LEAVE

BULLETS 1,440 RESULT appears on page 14

SHATTERED DREAM
IN OUR STEEL HOUSE
HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT
ACCORDING TO HOLLYWOOD
FEARING THE END
NAUGHTY CHILD
ONE WAY OUT
MOST IMPRESSIVE
STICKING IT
ON DAD'S BIRTHDAY

Use "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

MEN WHO .....
TAKING NO .....
HERO OF THE .....
COMING .....
WHEN SHE'S NOT.....
OUR LAST .....

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—entries on plain paper

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sept. 30. IF INK RUNS USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value..... No. ..... Closing Postmark, 1,444 Monday, Sept. 18

Signed .....
Address .....

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Awards First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, but in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Bullet Prize per contest. Complete Bullet in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To every 1d. Bullets change and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Bullet columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. small, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed /& Co./ write names and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-cubic entry-fee if coupons personally completed and therefore must be returned. 4.—Bullets are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Oct. 7, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£1000 CASH in ONE-WEEK XWORD!

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No. 396

CLUES Answer every clue by ordering letter in entry column. 5p Entry-fee for 1 Col. 3p 3p 3p

	CLUES	
	YOU WON'T ALWAYS FIND THIS AMONG TROOPS IN ADVANCING SPEARHEAD	AR OUR
	MAY BE BETTER WITH HEAD ON	PIN
	GERMANS CHARGE THE HOST OF CAPTURE OF ANY	ORT
	ROY MEDIA RECORDS TOOL USED FOR PUTTING ON RECTO	WRE CH
	A COUNTRY SHOULD DO THIS TO ENSURE	A M
	IF ARTIST DOESN'T GET THESE RIGHT, IT'S APT TO SPOIL HIS PICTURE	AN LES
	THERE ARE TWO OR THREE KINDS OF	MIL
3	LIKELY TO MAKE HOUSEMAN'S PROGRESS SLOWER	OLT
	GERMANS INSPECTING SOLDIERS ON PARADE LIKED THEIR ALL TO LOOK	ALI E
	GOOD HORSE DEALER USUALLY EXPECTS TO GET THE ONE HE WANTS	EE
	FORECASTING SPEAKER'S WITTICISM ISN'T LIKELY TO BE OF THIS KIND	SAL Y
12	REFERENCE ARE ON TOP OF HIGH MOUNTAIN	I NE
	ACCOUNT'S MAY WELL DEMAND A LOT OF PRACTICE	A T
14	AID FORCE HAS GREATLY ASSIST ARMY'S THERE	TA KS

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette" dated Sept. 30.

P.O. Value..... No. .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, SEPT. 18

Signed .....
Address .....
396

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THESE LINES

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,444—or Xword No. 396,—"JOHN BULL," LORD ADDR, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF

You needn't be dowdy even if you are economising. Thousands of housewives keep their homes and clothes bright and smart simply with Drummer Dyes. You too can get perfect results from home dyeing but make sure you use Drummer Dyes. Try it today—you owe it to yourself to smarten up the colours of which you are so tired.

DRUMMER DYES

25 LOVELY colours—6½d. EACH. Made by makers of Tilly Dyes, Hollycrown, Drummer Fast Dyes, Wm. Edge & Sons, Ltd.—Bolton.

No Pain After Meals

thanks to friend, who advised MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

"I must say I have never had any pain since. I am sending you a postcard from another sufferer. I gave him two Moorland tablets and he said the same as I do. He said he eats better and has no pains, so he and I are passing on the information."

(Signed) H. W., Manchester.

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS give instant relief from indigestion, acidity, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. At all chemists 1/5d., also in 6½d. packets (less Tax).

1497

riches from the rajahs

Only after many dangers and difficulties was Vasco da Gama able to realise his dream of discovering a sea route to India. But the persistence of the pioneer won through—and the gate was opened on a world of riches. As with History, so with Radio: the records are blazoned with pioneer names—none more famous than that of Mullard.

MULLARD

the dominant name in Valves since radio began

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2 (90C)

No coupons . . . no queues . . . quality guaranteed . . . and the longer you keep them the greater their value! What are they? Savings Certificates. What do they cost? 15/- each. Where can I buy them? Through your local Savings Group or from any Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank.

If you already hold your quota of 500 Certificates (issued at any price under £1), you can still save the Certificate way by acquiring up to 250 £1 Certificates.

Buy and hold NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Every 15/- Savings Certificate grows in value to 20/6 in 10 years. This profit is free of Income Tax. You can get your money back at any time with all profit earned to date.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

From a doctor's diary

This is based on a doctor's experience of cases of V.D. It has been carefully edited so that the people concerned shall not be recognised.

"'Can you get them by accident, doctor?'

I'm often asked that question, so I'll give the answer again. Yes; venereal diseases can be caught by accident — that is to say, without sexual intercourse — but such cases are *very* rare.

For instance, at my hospital in the last twenty years we've found only forty-five cases of accidental infection with syphilis. That's an average of only two cases a year in a large clinic. Three-quarters of these got the disease by kissing casual acquaintances who happened to be suffering from syphilitic sores of the mouth.

With gonorrhœa, which is about four times as common as syphilis, the danger is smaller still. This disease can only be caught from actual contact with the discharge it causes from the sex organs, and then only before the discharge dries. Young children occasionally get it from clothing, bedding, towels or sponges which have just been used by someone suffering from gonorrhœa. But the risk of an adult picking it up except through sexual intercourse is almost non-existent.

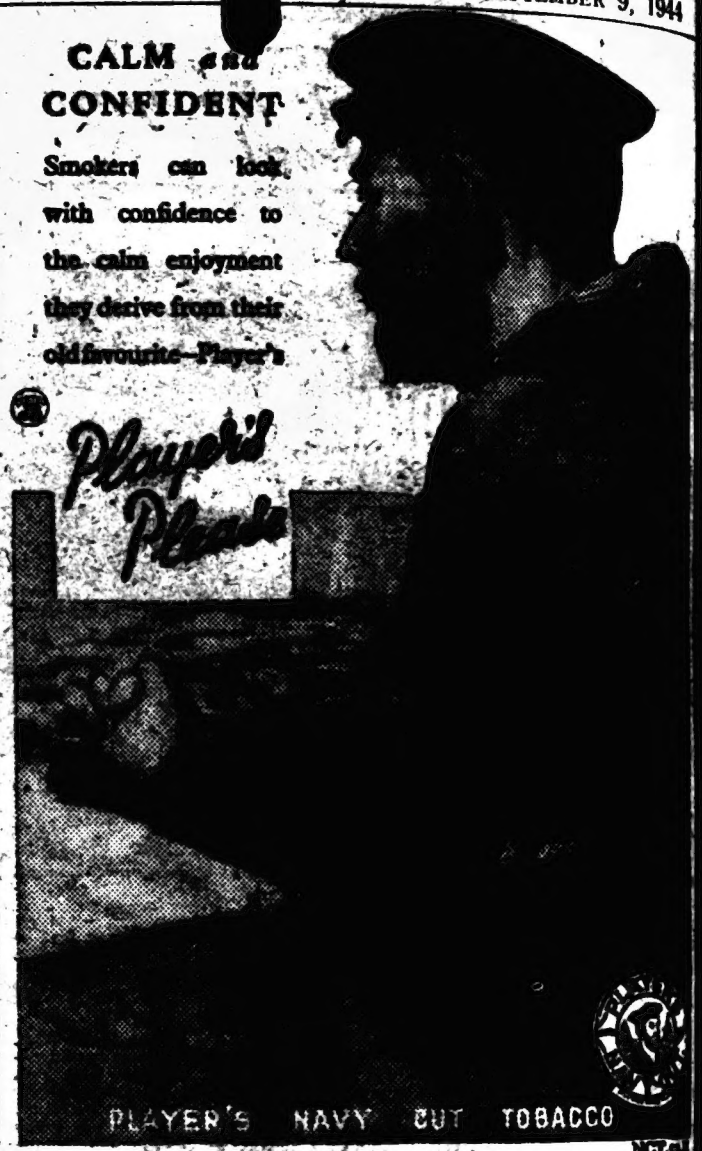
In all the years I've been dealing with patients with venereal disease, I've never seen or heard of one who got syphilis or gonorrhœa off a 'seat,' or a cup or a glass, or from any ordinary contact in a bus or cinema or shop or, for that matter, in billets.

Far too many people worry themselves unnecessarily about catching these diseases accidentally. Clean living is a real safeguard."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and Central Council for Health Education.
(VD32-16)

Girls! HELP SOFTEN BLACKHEAD
blemishes for easy removal by applying Cuticura Ointment. Quickly clears skin—keeps it soft and supple.
2/10 and 1/5 a tin at all Chemists and Stores
317
Cuticura OINTMENT


CALM and CONFIDENT
Smokers can look with confidence to the calm enjoyment they derive from their old favourite—Player's
Player's Please
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO
NCT.61

HER HUSBAND HAD DOUBTS
JIM'S AFRAID A PART-TIME JOB AND HOUSEWORK MAY BE TOO MUCH FOR ME
I GOT IN A PUDDLE LAST WEEK. I HAD A HUGE WASH TO BOIL.
BUT YOU NEEDN'T BOIL, SILLY!
HOW CAN YOU GET THINGS CLEAN IF YOU DON'T?
WITH RINSO YOU SIMPLY SOAK FOR 12 MINUTES. TRY IT NEXT WEEK!
NEXT WEEK
WELL, HERE GOES. WARTIME METHOD! HALF THE WATER AND TWO-THIRDS THE RINSO
THEY'RE GRAND! WHO'D HAVE BELIEVED IT!
THAT NIGHT
YOU'RE A MARVEL, DARLING, RUNNING THE HOUSE AND A JOB TOO
THINKS IMAGINE GETTING PRAISE LIKE THAT ON WASHDAY!
RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, 1 coupon; 7d. packet, 2 coupons.
R. S. Hudson Limited
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